


The TATLER

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London
July 26, 1939



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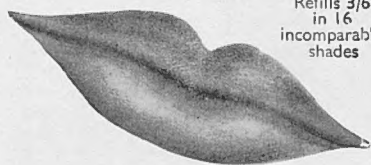
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The TATTLER

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LORD COWDRAY AND HIS BRIDE, LADY ANNE BRIDGEMAN

Four members of the Royal Family and innumerable social celebrities were at St. Margaret's when lovely Lady Anne Bridgeman, second surviving daughter of Lord and Lady Bradford, was married to the sporting young owner of Cowdray Castle last Wednesday. By wearing a diamond tiara, given to her by Lord Cowdray, the bride started a new fashion in wedding décor, and she also had original ideas for her six bridesmaids, whose heads were trimmed with clover flowers. The polo world naturally featured in fine force, and Mr. John Lakin, reserve of the international team of which Lord Cowdray had charge in America, was best man. A reception at Agnes Lady Cowdray's house in Mount Street followed. See overleaf for more wedding pictures



"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" COMES TO LIFE AT THE BLACK HEART BALL IN SIMLA

One of the most lively events of the season in Simla—India's official hill station—is the fancy-dress ball given by a very old-established socialite fraternity, the Knights of the Black Heart. At this year's ball, held at Barnes Court, hill residence of Sir Henry Craik, Governor of the Punjab, fourteen members of the Viceregal Lodge party, headed by His Excellency the Viceroy's younger daughters, made a terrific hit by appearing as the principal characters from "Alice in Wonderland." Here

And the World Said—

IN an essay on the Eton and Harrow match, Mr. Edward Shanks opened with "Lord's is the place where, according to the old story, a little girl once cried excitedly to her mother, 'Look, Mummy, look! There are some boys playing cricket.'" He suggested that if the mystery of ignorance making its annual obeisance to the game could be unravelled, much light would be thrown on the character of the English. Ignorance is important in England; as first cousin to innocence it has a reputation to keep up. The judge who asked "Who is Mr. George Robey?" knew what he was about. But with Government leaflets in circulation, bland ignorance of such subjects as the cherishing of gas masks, and the total eclipse of that embarrassing possession, a skylight, can hardly be preserved indefinitely, although the small householders who have failed to put their bombproof shelters together are an example of persistent apathy and ignorance. If you take a Southern Railway train for slow motion, or a walk through the suburbs and count the householders who have left Government shelter material strewn in back gardens to rot, it becomes obvious that spoon feeding with safety appliances is wasted expenditure. So is much of the fancy education given unwilling brats who would make better citizens on plainer fare. Gaping mouths accept the pill of general knowledge, duly coated with facetiousness. Even polo is explained to the proletariat, but with Major "Geoff" Phipps-Hornby at the Ranelagh mike, a running commentary is both informative and amusing. He hits the right note, neither talking down to those who can never dream of playing, nor scoring off acquaintances in action except with an occasional good-humoured

they are: Standing: Lady Joan Hope (Red Queen), Mr. Philip Nash (Young Man), Major W. E. Maxwell (Father William), Mrs. Maxwell (Dormouse), Mr. Boyd (Mad Hatter), Mr. E. R. Kitchen (White Rabbit), Captain Kerr (Walrus), Captain T. Consett (Carpenter), and Lady Doreen Hope (White Queen). Sitting: Miss R. Hill (Duchess), Miss G. Badenock (Queen of Hearts), Miss M. Mitchell (Alice), Colonel B. McMahon Mahon (King of Hearts), and Mrs. Holmberg (Cook)



Photos: Kinsey Bros.
H.E. LADY LINLITHGOW

A regal seventeenth-century figure at the Black Heart Ball at Simla. Shortly after this very decorative party, His Excellency the Viceroy of India's wife left for England, to be back in good time for the wedding of their elder son, Lord Hopetoun, whose marriage to Miss Vivien Kenyon-Slaney, the Duke of Abercorn's granddaughter, took place on Monday, July 24, at Westminster Abbey

observation. When, during a brief dissertation on the origin of polo he announced that it was first played in Perthshire in 600 B.C., Major Alan MacGregor-Whitton (who shares the same nickname as the Duke of Devonshire's brother-in-law, Mr. James Stuart, but for sartorial, not ancestral reasons) looked only mildly incredulous. Another listener was Lord Barnby ("Vernon" to the girls), who used to play a lot of polo with Lord Ennisdale, better remembered as "Harry" Lyons, seen not long after his House of Lords initiation at the Eclipse, with his wife, and New York's best-dressed momma, Mrs. Eva Lehman, who though much darker, bears a resemblance to the Duchess of Windsor. It was from Lord Barnby I heard the Chancellor's new nickname, "Battling Jack," acquired since he gave way on Budget points. The American nickname for Signor Mussolini is "Julietta," because he spends so much time on the balcony. I find Il Duce's utterances difficult to classify as wooing parts. The passionate love letters of d'Annunzio, published since his death, are now banned by the Holy See; all his previous works being already on the "Index." In other countries his poetry has an appreciative if somewhat limited following. This contrast between fame and disgrace demonstrates the shifting frontiers of taste; the humour of different nations being particularly difficult to reconcile. British humour at its best is regional—Gracie Fields, Harry Lauder, Bernard Shaw—French irony is a birth-right and American wise-cracking the proof of well-being even when business looks sallow; but wit is universal coinage, be it Chinese or Lord Chesterfield. In a verbose review of that interesting English play, *The Flashing Stream*, George Jean

Nathan, the leading Broadway critic who always seems to be spitting gum at the theatre he lives by, quotes the would-be funny bits he found most unfunny, and among them the First Lord's reason for smoking a pipe, which made London audiences chuckle. "It persuades the newspapers that, though uninspiring, one is English at heart. For the same reason, if statesmen must go to France, it's advisable for them to cut out Paris and go straight to Aix-les-Bains." Despite the flatness of print and the subsequent crudescence of the umbrella as an emblem of statesmanship, Mr. Charles Morgan's joke is still O.K. by us.

* * *

In Ireland the highest political office is more easily attained by a football player. Mr. de Valera was a footballer. So was Lord Craigavon, whose recent speech about the undying loyalty of Ulster, whatever Mr. de Valera may threaten was worthy of a more romantic figure than this sixty-eight-year-old Premier, nurtured in the Scots school of hard knocks. He went to Merchiston when it was the outstanding rugger nursery, and played forward in its champion side of 1887. Belfast is looking forward to the visit of the Abbey Players, a cultural link with Dublin, where an Ulster comedy by Mr. George Shiels is in rehearsal. Lord Longford held the Dublin Gate Theatre Garden Party at his house early this month. Last month the Gate did *The Golden Cuckoo*, a new play by Denis Johnson of the B.B.C., whose wife is a talented Abbey actress. My correspondent adds that young Mark Armstrong, a talented swing pianist, son of an Irish Herald, has gone to sea, in the not so daring rôle of assistant purser. Every other purser's mate is a public schoolboy these days; to wit several agreeable young men on the *Queen Mary*. The Comte de Thienne and his wife, who were "curing" at the Parc at Vichy, are now fishing in Donegal. Sir Basil McFarland and his charming wife, the new Mayor and Mayoress of Londonderry, are at Aberfoyle, his place on the Strand. It is said that Sir Basil drives the only Rolls-Bentley in "Derry," where Sir Dudley McCorkell (who is taking his wife and daughter, Kathleen Mary, motor-ing in France) beat his father's record of five years mayor by filling that office for seven consecutive years. Another daughter is carrying on the family usefulness, working in the Ministry of Home Affairs at Belfast. In Co. Waterford there is much

rejoicing with Don and Donna Ferdinando d'Ardia Caracciolo of the island, over the birth of their daughter. Known as "Boodie" the young mother was Miss Mary Purcell-Fitz-Gerald. Her husband is now Irishified as "Prince



GUESTS OF HONOUR

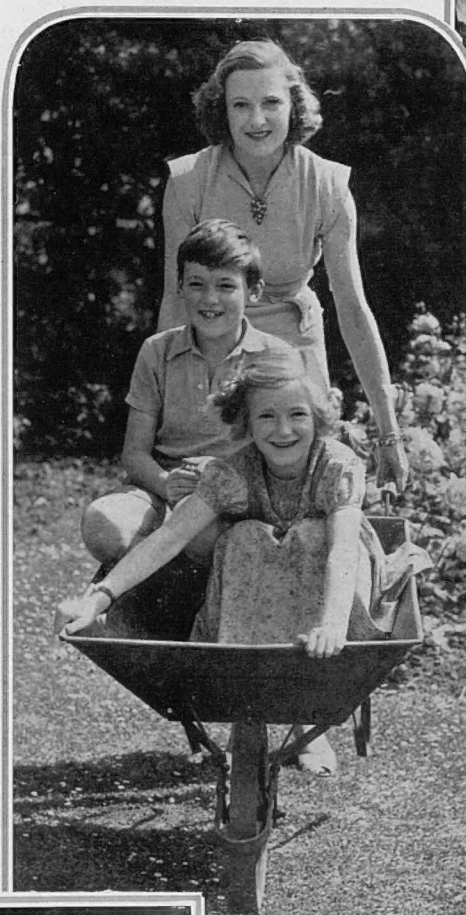
The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M., M.P., and Dame Margaret Lloyd George at the inaugural dinner of the 99th (London Welsh) Anti-Aircraft Battalion R.A. (T.A.), held last week at the Park Lane Hotel. The Welsh Wizard, who, at seventy-six, is both mentally and bodily as vigorous as ever, is chairman of the civilian committee of this Territorial unit. Mr. Lloyd George was awarded the coveted Order of Merit in 1919 in recognition of his magnificent services as Great War Premier

O'Dardia." An Irish marquess, Lord Dufferin, has shown himself a true friend of the Jews by giving warning in the House of Lords that any large increase in the Jewish population of G.B. would breed anti-Semitism, which, as I observed a few weeks ago, is to be dreaded. Lord Beaverbrook, whose late-night party was so much fun, had a leader on this speech, urging those who are trying to flood Britain with Jewish refugees to listen to warning. Mr. John Goodenday, the serious-minded silk stocking "king" whose new factory gives employment in the most distressed area of Wales, wants me to believe that there are no rich refugees because "they are stripped naked before they are flung out," and that Sir Samuel Hoare's official figure of 11,000 immigrants was the sum total at the beginning of May. Mr. Goodenday thinks the number of refugees is being maliciously exaggerated by anti-semitic propaganda; so in all fairness I repeat his view. While admitting that many Jews are ostentatious, he feels these human frailties should be overlooked if only "because of their

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

Mrs. Michael Stratton fits her children, Mark and Margaret, into the wheelbarrow during gardening operations at her Kent cottage at Watlingbury. Mrs. Stratton, who married the younger son of the late Mr. Charles Stratton, of Turweston House, Brackley, in 1930, is the elder daughter of Rear-Admiral the Hon. Edmund and Lady Evelyn Drummond and a niece of Lord Perth

incomparable contribution to industry, art, science and charity." Agreed. The Goodenday's party after their debutante daughter's presentation at the last Court, included many grown-ups. Colonel Arthur Evans (host to sixty men at a House of Commons dinner last week) listened, with the "Dickie" Thorntons to two diverse entertainments; a good pianist drowned by conversation, and those slick songsters Walsh and Barker. Jagger was there too, enthusiastic about debutante Joyce, who is his type to paint, with her



Poole, Dublin

AN IMPORTANT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Ann Bailey and Mr. Pierce Synnott photographed in Dublin when Sir Abe and the Hon. Lady Bailey's second daughter was paying her first visit to her fiancé's country and finding it most agreeable. Mr. Synnott, who owns Furness, in County Kildare, and is very well known with the Kildare hounds, is a principal secretary at the Admiralty. His younger brother is in H.M.S. *Birmingham*

And the World said—*continued*

long-bobbed dark hair and her pretty mother's Irish green eyes.

This clashed with the "Jack" Purbricks' excellent gathering of young marrieds, and with "Xenia" Littlejohn Cook's gay—as opposed to Volga—Russian charity party, at her house, both too late for my last chronicle as was the great "Max's" benefit for the *Clipper* journalists (at which Michael Arlen remarked "Every American I meet is going in the *Clipper*—the modern *Mayflower*") and for the boys of No. 601 Squadron who were in soaring form. Meanwhile débutantes, including Lady Mairi Stewart, were winning the tombola, at the second Corrigan party, for the first time in their young lives. Her *deuxième soirée* was very youthful with only a few older girls like Lady Bridgett Poulett, exquisitely groomed. So there was not much *va-et-vient* between Dudley and Stornaway Houses, the latter being mainly political at first, then hot air. There—Sir "Battling Jack" Simon, Sir Adrian Baillie, Lord Castlerosse with that intelligent blonde, Leonora Corbett, who has an alluring gap between her front teeth (as has Ella Atherton) the Lymingtons, keen-eyed Lady Dashwood, smiling-mouthed Mrs. Barbara Watson, the Beits, (looking happy), Lord Milton, the Wintertons, the Philip Kindersleys, plus sister Essex, and such props of the staff as "Mike" Wardell and Frank Owen with his bonny wife. At Barbara Hutton's party the standard of stagline beauty was palpitating, with the hostess as the centre jewel. Another good party, so remote now that I must skim over it, was Almina, Lady Carnarvon's ("Porchy" and young Lord Porchester saw the Eclipse together instead of the Eton and Harrow), at which the Queen of Spain and the Duchess of Northumberland were the most imposing of dancing dowagers. I shall not forget the *député* sitting next me at the Elysee *soirée*, who sighed as he gazed at Mistress of the Robes—"quelle beauté magnifique." Lord and Lady Elibank were at Lady Carnarvon's, she looking forward to last week's heavy programme of entertainment for the Federation of Chambers of Commerce of the British Empire Congress; an influential body meeting every three years in a different corner of the Empire on which the sun never sets—except here, where it never shines. Last time it was in New Zealand. This time Lord Dudley is chairman. The Lord Mayor gave a reception at the Guildhall, and informal gatherings included "Ermine" Elibank's sherry party and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain's tea. More about Empire personalities when space is less occupied by London, where topic A is criticism of Lord Perth's appointment as Minister of Propaganda. Overheard—"Of course Beverley Baxter would have been wonderful; you see John Buchan did it last time." I don't see, unless Canada was the link in her

mind (yes, it was a woman) between the Scots novelist-historian who is now its Governor-General, and the fluent Canadian journalist who, at a fabulous salary directs the policy of a group of London and provincial papers. He does it adroitly, with the showmanship which is salesmanship today, having been editor of a rival, and adviser to a film combine. But the P.M.'s appointment of Lord Perth is consistent with the great English tradition of relying on the ignorance of the honourable amateur. The professional is likely to be biased, so the unvoiced argument goes like this: Mr. Churchill

knows military tactics, consequently he may be prejudiced in favour of war, therefore he is not the Minister of War while peace is still with us. The same for Mr. Baxter who knows about propaganda, the importance of which is being exaggerated. Only in Germany and not even in Italy do people believe nearly everything they are told. The late Lord Lindsay once remarked that he made a point of believing everything he read in the paper, because it was less trouble. But he said it with a pinch-of-salt look which is part of the British character—simultaneously acquiescent and independent.

* * *

A sheep farmer taxes me with neglecting agricultural events; he finds it typical of the nation's flippant and short-sighted attitude to the land! I hasten to draw attention to the amity with which French and German sheep breeders mingled with the delegates from all over the world at

the Royal Show, where Sir "Archie" Weigall welcomed them. Sheep are evidently an international opiate, like music. And a leading lady has taken me to task for saying so little about stage people who are, she says, great readers of THE TATLER. I apologize. I always thought they only looked at the pictures, preferably their own. The gayest stage-girls' lunches happen at Florence Desmond's lovely new house at Kenwood, built for her by burly "Lyn" Hart, a son-in-law

of that cheery yachtsman, Mr. W. L. "Woolworth" Stephenson, who is at Deauville. Mary Pickford, Elizabeth Allan, and Dorothy Ward were lunching; the last named thrilled with her part in an unchristened autumn *musical* which she will leave when the time comes for Jack to climb that beanstalk in Birmingham. The Albert de Courvilles are going to Deauville when he finishes directing *An Englishman's Home*, the old Du Maurier story modernized. A public schoolboy producer, Ivor MacLaren will not get away because the Hulberts are to film *Under Your Hat* after the stage show folds, which looks like never. Denham has been terribly worried about Captain Richard Norton, who was on the crest of the wave before his ghastly motor smash.

* * *

Pictures of the recent invitation pay party for the Ladies' Polo Association of Great Britain and Ireland and of the recent cricket at Hythe Hall are unavoidably held up till next week's issue.



A CHIEF COMMANDANT A.T.S.

The Hon. Lady Lawrence, Chief Commandant of Wiltshire's Women Terriers, is now under canvas with her troops at Tidworth, where the first training camp for A.T.S. General Duty Companies, Southern Command, is being held. This photograph was taken when she was visited by her three daughters, Miss Elizabeth Lawrence (right), Miss Rosamond Lawrence, and Miss Jennifer Lawrence (left) who are too young to join up, though keenly interested. Lady Lawrence is the wife of Lord Trevethin's brother, the Hon. Sir Geoffrey Lawrence, K.C., Recorder of Oxford and a High Court Judge



MARRIED LAST WEEK: MR. AND MRS. GILES GUTHRIE

Owing to a sudden alteration in plans, necessitating immediate departure for Warsaw, the wedding of Miss Rhona Stileman, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Stileman, to Mr. Giles Guthrie, took place quietly at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square last Wednesday. A reception will be held on their return from Poland in the autumn. Mr. Guthrie, Sir Connop and Lady Guthrie's only son, won the Portsmouth-Johannesburg Air Race with C. W. A. Scott in 1936

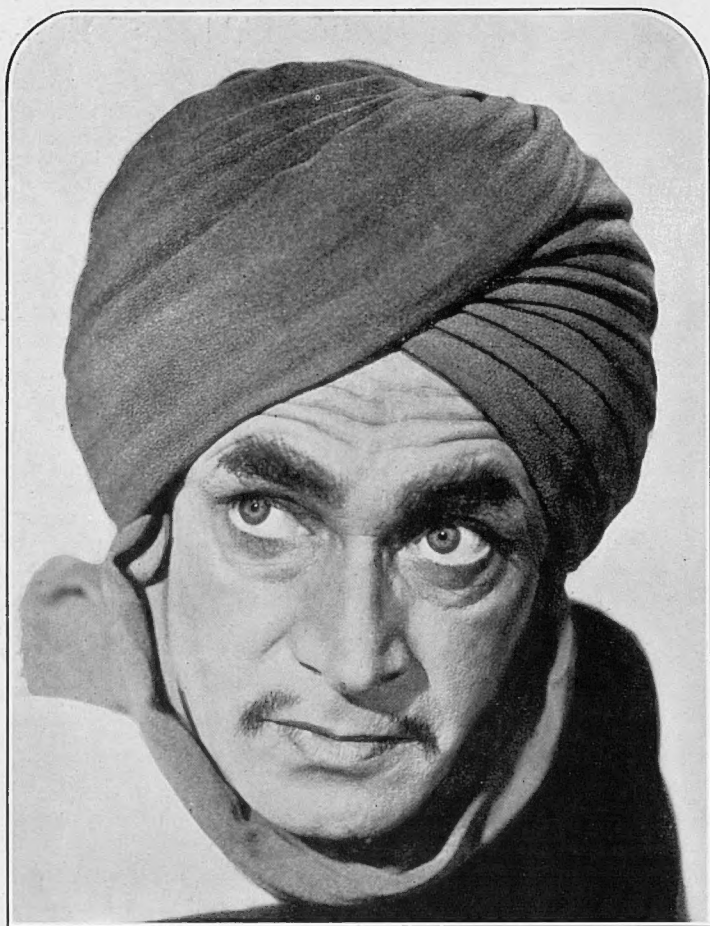
THE COWDRAY—BRIDGEMAN WEDDING



CAPTAIN AND MRS. "BOBBY" JENKINSON

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESS ALICE AND THE EARL OF
ATHLONE WITH AGNES LADY COWDRAY (left) AND LADY BRADFORDMISS WAKEFIELD-SAUNDERS AND
LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUXTHE HON. MRS. VALENTINE WYNDHAM-QUIN,
WITH MISS WYNDHAM-QUIN AND MRS. PEELMR. AND MRS. ROBERT BARCLAY,
TWO MORE OF THE MANY GUESTS

Having seen on the frontispiece the central figures in last Wednesday's big wedding which transformed Lady Anne Bridgeman into Viscountess Cowdray, take a look, dear reader, at some of the almost innumerable wedding guests. H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester, whose present to the bride was four silver mustard pots, is seen just outside St. Margaret's in the company of the bridegroom's mother, the bride's mother, and H.M. Queen Mary's brother and sister-in-law, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice. The rest of the pictures were taken in the near neighbourhood of 54 Mount Street, Agnes Lady Cowdray's London house which, large as it is, was filled to almost bursting point during the reception. Most guests did not think of leaving till they had waved final farewells to the young couple, who are spending their honeymoon abroad. Fashion paraded some remarkable hats, not all, it must be admitted, as becoming as those worn by Miss Wakefield-Saunders and Lady Brougham and Vaux respectively. The Hon. Mrs. Valentine Wyndham-Quin who looked extremely chic, is young Lady Cowdray's first cousin, being a daughter of Lady Beatrice Pretymen, Lord Bradford's sister



CONRAD VEIDT IN "THE THIEF OF BAGHDAD"

London Film Productions have secured Conrad Veidt to play the rôle of Diasar the Magician in their latest production, *The Thief of Baghdad*, now in course of preparation at their Denham Studios. This picture is expected to have its world première in October. Conrad Veidt was born in Berlin in 1893 and in 1912 he went to the Deutsches Theatre in Berlin as a pupil of the great Max Reinhardt. Since then he has appeared in many famous films, amongst which *I Was a Spy*, *Rome Express*, *Jew Süss*, will be specially remembered

WHERE have I been all these years that I have never before seen Miss Gracie Allen? Even now that I have seen her, I am in a complete fog. I went to the Plaza to witness a film called *Undercover Doctor*, about which I had heard great things, but which seemed to me to be just ordinary commercial stuff about some gangsters who entrap a little doctor and are then blackmailed by him, until finally both biter and bitten are gathered into the net of the police. This film introduces a character in which I have some difficulty in believing. This is the ultra-ladylike secretary who loves her employer so long as he remains virtuous, but finds that her love grows cold the moment he shows signs of turning crook. So far so good. What I do not believe is that any secretary, however ladylike, would continue in the doctor's employment after she had ceased to love him, and give away his plans and his confederates over the telephone to the G-man who has now become the object of her affections. However, farmhouses crop up unexpectedly in the course of this story, and it is always pleasant to watch a duel between G-men firing from behind tree trunks and the immured gangster returning their fire through the letter-box. On the whole, I did not take this to be a good film. Nor was I greatly attracted by the title of the next one on the programme, *The Gracie Allen Murder Case*, which promised to give us more of the activities of Mr. Philo Vance. Normally I am afraid I do not read Mr. Van Dine, whom I get mixed up with Mr. Ellery Queen, whom I do not read either! However, the friend who was with me said: "Let's see five minutes of this!" and in that five minutes I was made aware for the first time of Miss Gracie Allen. And, as I have said, even now I am befogged! How, if Miss Gracie Allen be a real person, as I am assured she is, can she be a character in somebody's novel? People tell me that she is also half of a well-known music-hall turn. How comes it then that I, who am a zealous frequenter of music halls, have never seen half of this turn, let alone the whole? Can it be that Miss Gracie Allen is a contributor to

THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

A Mysterious Star

that part of the B.B.C. programme known as "Music Hall"—in my opinion, so dreadful an entertainment that I have set about inventing a gadget which, on the mere announcement of that title, shall automatically turn off the wireless.

I am glad to have the support in this matter of Sir Hugh Walpole who, as recently as the first day of this month, has written as follows: "I would encourage, and support, all the excellences of the B.B.C.—the music especially, although I would cut 'Music Hall' out altogether unless I could improve on recent terrible programmes." From which it is obvious that Miss Gracie Allen cannot be a contributor to "Music Hall," since she would cut the terribleness out of the worst programme that the maximum ingenuity of the fashioners of this atrocity could devise. From all of which it will be seen that I do not know whether Miss Gracie Allen is fact or fiction, a film star or an actress. I do not even know whether she is English or American. All I know is that her brilliant performance in this film recalled in rapid succession the flutterings of Miss Marion Lorne, the calculated inanities of Miss Cicely Courtneidge, the meanderings of Miss Jeanne de Casalis's Mrs. Feather, and the light-headednesses of Miss Gertrude Lawrence. And all these things are presented with the gusto of our other Gracie at her best. How terrifically she enjoys it all, and how wittily! When after each *bévue*, *étourderie*, or *gaffe*—it is odd that the English language has nothing which quite corresponds to any of these synonyms for *bêtise*!—any other actress would retire in discomfiture, Miss Gracie Allen comes up, as it were, to the surface with Miss Beatrice Lillie's most glittering smile. What the film itself was about I have no idea. Or rather I suspect it to have been entirely about Miss Gracie Allen.

At the Paris Cinema the new film called *Hostages* turned out to be one of the best French pictures I have ever seen. Readers may remember that moving play by Maurice Maeterlinck called *The Burgomaster of Stilemonde* in which, during the invasion of Belgium, a German soldier is shot and the burgomaster pays the penalty. This is virtually the same play except that it happens in France on the Marne, and that not only the mayor but four others of his fellow townsmen are taken as hostages. The difference between the play and the film is that whereas the Belgian masterpiece was unalloyed tragedy, *Hostages* is very nearly a farce. The reason for this is that habit, ingrained in the French, of keeping intact in all circumstances their sense of the ridiculous so that the film, in spite of the appalling seriousness of its subject, is essentially satiric. That which is satirized, of course, is the welding into a republic of the incongruous and even warring elements of which the French character is composed. The mayor, who is a *bon bourgeois*, and hence a good republican, claims the right to be the first hostage. This greatly incenses his life-long enemy, the local landowner, a descendant of the *vieille noblesse*, and one whose ancestors fought under Louis XIV. This is the second hostage. Competition for the remaining places is so great that they must be chosen by lot. All, while not fearing the firing squad, are so desperately afraid of their wives at home that they dare make no mention of the sacrifice they propose to make. The man who shot the German showing no sign of declaring himself, the hostages are within two hours of execution. And then the scene switches to Paris, and the immortal sally of the taxi-cabs takes place. The Germans turn back, and the hostages in the village prison hear first the rumble of the departing Germans followed by the clatter of the occupying French. Their wives had thought the hostages dead, and here is a little incident which indicates the temper of this film. A prodigious henpecker, believing her husband dead, has decorated his portrait with bows of crêpe and bunches of flowers. Hearing the good news she tears down the decorations and, snatching up her youngest infant, marches to the door to give her bosom's lord the kind of welcome Xantippe would have offered Socrates if he had volunteered upon any patriotic nonsense. The film ends with the return of the hostages borne shoulder-high in a singing procession in the manner of Lubitsch. As there were no programmes I have no idea who made and acted all this. But it was grandly done.

RACING AT LEICESTER AND THE GREAT YORKSHIRE SHOW



THE HON. MRS. HERMON-HODGE
STOPS FOR A TALK WITH FRED LANE



MRS. FARMER AND MISS SAVILL
MARKING THE RUNNERS



MISS NOEL NEWTON TAKES A WALK
BETWEEN RACES WITH MR. TED LAMBTON



MRS. NICKOLS, M.F.H. (ON RIGHT) AND
HER DAUGHTER, MISS BOBBIE NICKOLS



MR. J. M. BARWICK, M.F.H., MISS ANGELA
KAYSER, M.F.H., AND HER FIANCE, MR. H.
FARRER



Photos: Howard Barrett
COLONEL M. BORWICK, M.F.H. AND
COLONEL CECIL SPENCE-COLBY, M.F.H.

The first three photographs on this page are devoted to racegoers at Leicester, and the latter half to the Great Yorkshire Show at Halifax. Leicester provided quite a pleasant day's racing, but money, that ever-present trouble, was hard to come by; favourites just would not come up, except in two cases when the winners were at hopeless odds-on prices, and to have made anything one would need the capital of a Rockefeller. As regards personalities, there were plenty of them, and one of the first to be noticed was the Hon. Mrs. Edward Hermon-Hodge, sister-in-law of the present Lord Wyfold, and a kinswoman of Lord Listowel, having a few words with Fred Lane, the noted jockey. Mrs. Farmer and Miss Savill were checking runners when spied, and appeared to be very concerned about something, whereas Miss Noel Newton and Mr. Ted Lambton were looking very pleased with life; he is the son of the famous trainer, the Hon. George Lambton and a cousin of Lord Durham. Going north-east to Yorkshire and Halifax for the Great Yorkshire Show, some of the first notabilities to be seen were Sir John Barwick's M.F.H. son, Mr. J. H. Barwick, and the Grove joint, Miss Angela Kayser, who had with her Mr. H. Farrer, amateur kennel huntsman to the Grove. Another joint-M.F.H. was Mrs. Nickols, who has the Bramham Moor with Lord Bingley. Colonel Borwick and Colonel Cecil Spence-Colby were judging the hound show. The former is joining Colonel Lowther in the Mastership of the Pytchley in the coming season; he was Master and Joint Master of the Middleton 1921-31. Colonel Spence-Colby has his own pack of hounds, of which he is both Master and Huntsman, something to be proud of in these days of high taxation and depleted incomes

(More pictures of Leicester races on following page)



AT LEICESTER

Miss Seaton having an earnest conversation with Captain Cecil Lynch-Blosse, who has been Chief Constable of Leicestershire since 1928, but went racing in an unofficial capacity of course. Last week's Leicester meeting opened to the accompaniment of thunder, and just before the last race a deluge of rain and hail descended, soaking every one not under cover, to the skin

NEWMARKET July meetings are nearly as hard work as Doncaster, what with early work, racing, sales morning and evening, and a smashing good party thrown in. In addition to this there are always studs to visit, and it was at Captain Cooper Bland's that Mr. Herbert Heseltine was making a bronze of Mr. Peter Beatty's horse Bois Roussel. A very nice horse this will be too when he lets down, and the plasticine model looks like doing him full justice. Friday and Saturday at Sandown were even more interesting than Newmarket, even if the extreme discomfort of standing in semi-covered stands in the showers damps one's ardour a trifle. Can't the executive afford us this amenity? What of the Eclipse? Were you impressed? was the general question asked. While still thinking him to be a great horse, and that his performance in no way detracts from his reputation, yet there did not seem to be that dash and sparkle about his movement to the post, and in the race that we saw at Epsom. The farther he had gone the farther he would have won, and it may be said that the distance was too short, the horse was lazy, or that he had been let down after the Derby, and was not fully rewound up. However it may be, the electrifying burst of speed I had hoped to see was not forthcoming, but no doubt it will be there at Doncaster. The National Breeders' Produce Stakes put the cat among the pigeons, and every one

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"

sympathized with Lord Glanely on the defeat of his good colt in such an unfortunate way. At the same time from the stands it looked as though Stardust would have won the race in any event, which, however, is but poor consolation.

The siren to indicate objections, the withdrawal of a number from the frame or any notices on the number board is a new innovation, and a good one, but is it essential to prolong that ear-splitting noise so long? If any one can't hear that deafening clatter in the first ten seconds they never will.

No one could have ridden a more beautifully judged race than J. Gilbert on Attachment on the Saturday. He has now only very few more rides before losing his allowance, and it is to be hoped he will not be allowed to drop out as so many boys do. A first-class horseman he is a nice riding weight of about 7 st. 9 lb. It is amazing the roundabout methods that the confidence men and other "hooks and eyes" will resort to to get even the nimble fiver. A few days ago a lady owner, of a sweet and trusting disposition that her appearance does not belie, was asked to take a personal call on the telephone. Intrigued, as one always is, she hurried to her bedroom, snapped the private switch, and was perhaps disappointed to hear that the unknown gentleman at the other end was merely wishful to buy one of her horses. Giving the name of a bookmaker in a very large way at "the dogs" this philanthropist offered her a large figure for one of her horses off the flat with which to win the National. She was to have a contingency of £1,000 on the race, and

the horse back again for nothing after it had won! Did she ever do any betting at the dogs? She ought to, and he was putting her a fiver each way on a real good thing that night.

Next morning he rang up again jubilant to say the dog had won, and she had £45 10s. to draw. As he had only got £10 notes would she send £4 10s. in "ready" to a certain address and draw five crisp tenners.

I have an abiding and often misplaced faith in my fellow men, but I don't think I should have bothered to go all the way to a dingy alley in Whitechapel to draw this rather too obviously chimerical dole. The dirty-nosed yid-disher boy who answered the knock said the guv'nor was regrettably away, but that he himself was fully capable and authorized to take charge of the £4 10s., and the notes would be sent by post. It was not till this moment that with a great blinding flash the truth dawned on her that she had been buncoed by the most clumsy far fetched piece of "con" stuff ever attempted.

The marriage of Mr. Hugh Brassey and Miss Joyce Kingscote joins two families well known in the sporting world. The bridegroom's regiment is stationed in Palestine, engaged in the rather thankless task of preventing the Arabs cutting the Jews throats and vice versa, so far as the soldiery are concerned they'd much rather take eleven to ten each of two, and let them have it out themselves. As at the wedding ceremony the pure boyish treble voices burst into a hymn about Jerusalem, one of his brother officers remarked, "Tactless I call it, with the poor perisher just going back. Why not sing him something about Paris!"

Friends of the poor, 42 Ebury Street, appeal for a Widowed Gentlewoman no longer strong enough to work, who is living in a bed-sitting room with her daughter in great poverty. The daughter's slender earnings being their sole support, please help!



LADY NUTTALL AND CAPTAIN MAXWELL

Two more at the Leicester July Meeting, of which the big event was the Leicestershire Oaks, won by Lord Astor's Light Velocity, odds on favourite, in a field of nine. Sir Keith Nuttall's wife, well-known owner and ardent foxhunter (in Leicestershire as well as her home county, Cheshire), had one going in the Prince of Wales's Handicap, but her colours were not prominent on this occasion

AT THE ULSTER DERBY



MAJOR DIXON AND LADY DIANA DIXON



LORD AND LADY ANTRIM



LADY HAY AND LORD DUNLEATH



THE HON. PATSY DIXON AND HER MOTHER, LADY GLENTORAN



LIEUT. LORD JOCELYN, R.N., AND LADY JOCELYN, LORD RODEN'S SON AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW



LADY COATES AND MRS. KENNETH KIRKPATRICK FEELING CHEERFUL

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

The Ulster Derby meeting at the Maze provided some first-rate racing, and once again Northern Ireland congratulated itself on possessing a classic—instituted in 1936 on the suggestion of Lord Derby. Victory this year went to the South in a terrific finish, Mondragon the Irish Derby winner, getting the better of Major H. C. Robinson's Summer Solstice by a neck, with Mr. W. Barnett's Crushed Corn a short head away third. Mondragon is owned by Eire's Minister of Justice, Mr. P. J. Rutledge, and trained by James Canty. That noted Ulsterman, Lord Glentoran (the former Captain Herbert Dixon, M.P.), who was made a peer in the Birthday Honours, had two winners at the meeting and a large family party to see them run. On this page will be found Lady Glentoran, her polo-playing daughter, the Hon. Patsy Dixon, her daughter-in-law, Lady Diana Dixon (*née* Wellesley), and Lord Glentoran's brother, Major Dixon. Lord Antrim and his sculptor wife came over from Glenarm Castle and Lord and Lady Dunleath brought guests from Ballywalter Park. Scotland contributed Lady Hay, whose husband, Sir Duncan Hay of Haystoun, is a D.L. for Peeblesshire. Lieut. Lord Jocelyn, R.N., H.M.S. "Ashanti," married Miss Clodagh Kennedy in 1937.

Mrs. Kenneth Kirkpatrick is the wife of Lieut.-Commander K. C. Kirkpatrick, Master of the County Down Staghounds

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



AN A.T.S. LEADING LIGHT

Mrs. Neil Fraser-Tytler, of Aldourie Castle, Inverness-shire, who has just been appointed the A.T.S. Chief Staff Officer for Great Britain. She is seen here, with Staff Sergeant in attendance, marching through the Highland capital at the head of the 40th Inverness A.T.S., who put Sassenach soldier-sisters in the shade by being allowed to wear tartan skirts

the time. I should hate to be a woman, a modern woman, living in incessant dread that her nose is shiny. No wonder her personal appearance seems to get so often on her nerves! So that for scarcely ten whole minutes in succession can she leave her face alone. Safely it may be said that she is always nagging at it. Fearful lest, metaphorically speaking, the Garbo ideal is slipping into Mickey Mouse. No wonder, therefore, the faces of too many women simply look trolloped and hard and agonised! Slashed with too much of the wrong lip-stick and "scarred" loathsomely by plucked eyebrows, which, nevertheless, refuse to accept their defeat. You can always see their grave. The result, so utterly expressionless and so painfully in the convention of a Hollywood extra, desperate lest she be ignored.

For me life ceases to be much fun if for ever I have to live to impress other people, or strive to, anyway. One sight of the herd which I hope to impress is quite sufficient for me. Scarcely one in a thousand is worth the botheration of it all. And that one is not in the least impressed by any of your bother. So it is with all formal occasions. They touch the heights—or is it the depths?—of a mind devastated by boredom from the first handshake. If I were asked to paint my picture of hell I think it would resemble somewhat the symbol of a drawing-room wherein for all eternity one sat around desperately making polite conversation; while without the sun shone brilliantly, the fields and the hills, the sea and the fun of towns beckoned alluringly towards people and

Delightful Intimacy.

HONESTLY, I am terrified of formal people. I loathe all formal occasions. In fact, I loathe anything and everybody with, and before, whom I cannot be perfectly simple and natural. I don't care to dress up either my mind or my body in a top-hat sense. Give me old clothes and comfort every time and all

circumstances worth while; though the escape thereto was for ever barred by the social duties of a guest staying in the house. The kind of people I love best are the naturally Bohemian kind who, however, have the imagination to perceive that to be a Bohemian isn't in the least a question of morals, or lack of them, but purely of the mind. The unmoral, although they would faint away at the suggestion, are just as stuffy as those who hanker not after strange relationships. You do not automatically become an artist by growing a wild beard and looking emphatically as if you needed a bath inside and out, any more than you are a Pompadour, even though you lay bare as much as possible and your sex conquests add up to three figures. A virginal nonentity is always deadly, but an over-sophisticated one is just about ten times worse.

That is why people who can be completely natural and live without decking themselves out in false frills are never nonentities and very rarely dull. A Southend Bank Holiday crowd is far more warming to the spirit than the smartest society wedding. And life wherein the spirit isn't warmed is just about as inspiring as dozing on marble—or, at least, it seems so to me. But then, in the larger sense, I am, I suppose, a one-man dog. I hate crowds of acquaintances. I hate myself, and other people, mentally and physically all dressed up in their best clothes. I like to be free and I like to be easy, and, above all, apart from work and apart from the sorrows and anxieties which life brings to one, with no possibility

of escape, I like the rest of existence to be quiet, yet adventurous fun. Any hour lived in a kind of befrilled strait-waistcoat is, for me, a loss of precious moments which will never return. If I visit people I like to visit them in that mood and manner which, so far as possible, is theirs when I am not there. A few with their barriers down are for me far more entertaining than a whole crowd hidden behind their most ultra-sophisticated masks. I like my intimacies to be cosy. I like them to be at least a bit real. If I can't get either one or the other—well, then, my own company, and the amusements I find for myself, are by far the jollier alternative.

That is why I consider Frederika Beatty's "William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount" (Dent; 15s.) one of the most memorable "lives" of the great poet I have ever read. And memorable seems to be the right word, because, although others may be more important in the academic sense, not one that I have ever read seems to get you nearer the real man Wordsworth, or more intimately into that home circle which is usually three-fourths of any man's life, however great. Frederika Beatty has sought to give us a vivid, personal portrait of Wordsworth and his home life, as seen through the letter and diaries of his closest personal friends, written either to Wordsworth himself or to each other. These friends she has taken one by one, describing them,

telling us of their lives and characters, but concentrating especially on their association with the family at Rydal Mount.

The amount of work entailed must have been enormous, because, except for the paragraphs which explain people and events, the book is almost entirely composed from extracts from actual letters. So we see Wordsworth through the eyes of a variety of acquaintances and personal friends, and the result is a composite whole which is delightfully a living portrait. The impression it gives is of being oneself a welcome guest at Rydal Mount, actually coming and going, and always leaving with some fresh impression or perceiving another facet of an old one. Among the women, Harriet Martineau

(Continued on page 150.)



AS THEY DRESSED IN 1914

Lady Brecknock (right) and a fellow-member of the F.A.N.Y. (Women's Transport Service), who took part in a pageant showing the evolution of the corps from 1909 until the present day. Doesn't dress make a difference? The pageant followed an inspection by H.R.H. Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, at Mytchett Camp, Aldershot

HIP, HIP, HARROW ! FAMOUS

HARROVIANS NOW AND THEN



AT THE OLD HARROVIAN DINNER: LORD ZETLAND AND LORD BALDWIN



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.



MR. P. C. VELLACOTT, HEADMASTER OF HARROW, AND "JACKER." (SIR F. STANLEY JACKSON; SEE ALSO BELOW)



ABOUT 1885: LORD BALDWIN



MR. L. S. AMERY, M.P., HARROW ATHLETE



SIR SAMUEL HOARE, M.P., RACQUETS PLAYER



SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS



"JACKER," IN THE 'EIGHTIES



CAPTAIN EUAN WALLACE, M.P., IN EARLY HARROW DAYS

These are glorious days for Harrow now that, thirty years on, growing younger and bolder, they have at last laid Eton low at Lord's. In very truth a famous victory, with a battle scene after the match which will also go down to history—accordion-pleated toppers being almost uniform by the finish. Some supporters of the Old Harrovian dinner at the Dorchester (see top) here meet themselves in youthful days. For instance, ex-Premier Lord Baldwin now knows what he looked like fifty-four years ago, and Sir Stanley Jackson, soldier, politician, and Colonial Governor can see himself at the start of his brilliant cricket career, which read Harrow, Cambridge, Yorkshire, and England. It is a pity there is not a school-boy photograph of the one and only Winston to add to our collection, or of the Secretary of State for India and Burma. The Home Secretary, who played racquets for Harrow, 1899-1900, shows up well, however. The Attorney-General, Duchy of Cornwall, Sir Walter Monckton, got his "flannels" when Captain Euan Wallace, Minister of Transport, was a new boy (round about 1905). Mr. Leopold Amery, ex-Minister who has represented a division of the Premier's home town for some twenty-eight years, was at Harrow in the 'eighties, and Sir Stephen Tallents, Controller (Public Relations) B.B.C., was there in the 'nineties. Mr. Paul Vellacott (Major in the Great War), was a Fellow and Tutor of Peterhouse before going to the Hill as Headmaster in 1934. Tailpiece: "forty years on," says Eton, Harrow may win again at Lord's



ABOUT 1905: SIR WALTER MONCKTON PLAYED AT LORD'S

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

seemed to provide the more exciting experience, not only because her worship was by no means abject, but because one felt all the time that such a strong, outspoken personality as she possessed, would at any moment cause a disturbance in a household which was used to being governed by another equally strong personality, but strong in an entirely different direction. However, when she came to build for herself a cottage at Ambleside, on the main road from Rydal, between herself and the poet there developed a toleration which was half truce, and though it never was real friendship, it was, at any rate, a respectful interest in each other. However, the variety of the friendships is one of the most noteworthy things about the Rydal Mount circle.

There must have been several sides to Wordsworth's temperament so that he could live and enjoy the lonely beauty of the Lake Country in those days, while still able to enjoy a totally different existence when it chanced along. His eagerness to attend one of Queen Victoria's balls is evidence of this. So eager, indeed, that to attend it the "gaunt, stately Wordsworth" had to be squeezed into the Court suit of his friend the dapper little Rogers. Serjeant Talfourd told Haydon: "*Moxton had hard work to make the dress fit.* It was a squeeze, but by pulling and hauling they got him in. Fancy the high priest of mountain and flood on his knees in a court, the quiz of courtiers, in a dress that did not belong to him, with a sword that was not his own, and a coat that he had borrowed." Was Wordsworth amused? Perhaps. There was a faint, a *very* faint, strain of humour running through his composition at times. As, for instance, this story, which he told against himself: "Once in a wood, Mrs. Wordsworth and a lady were walking, when the stock dove was cooing. A farmer's wife coming by said to herself, 'Oh, I do like stock doves.' Mrs. Wordsworth, in all her enthusiasm for Wordsworth's poetry, took the old woman to her heart; but, continued the old woman, 'Some like them in a pie; for my part, there's nothing like 'em stewed in onions.'"

As I wrote above, the whole book gives an extraordinarily intimate picture of the domestic life of Wordsworth. It concentrates only on this side of his life, yet out of it emerges a vivid portrait of the poet himself. His sorrows, his loves, his friendships, his daily round—the kind of quiet life which all men lead apart from their work, but which too often biographers ignore in their effort to elaborate their professional achievements. You do not need to be an admirer of Wordsworth's poetry to delight in this book. It is the picture of a home—the home of a great poet who was an unusual and yet a very human being.

Present-Day China from Within.

In point of time, this domestic scene at Rydal Mount is so comparatively recent! Yet from another aspect it might never have belonged to life as we know it to-day. Only in one respect do I not envy its once placid march through the years. I could never have endured the social

custom of entertaining friends and acquaintances to *breakfast*! How did they do it? Making brilliant conversation at the same time? In most other instances they seemed to get more out of life than we do, who are hustled, mentally and physically, from pillar to post, and whose early morning newspaper sets the tone for the day, which is gloom. If, for example, any one of the Wordsworth circle had been able to read Miss Freda Uteley's fearless and important account of her recent sojourn in China, and told so vividly in her new book, "*China at War*" (Faber and Faber; 12s. 6d.), he would doubtless believe that, though the theory of biological evolution may be correct, and that mankind is indubitably descended from monkeys, mentally speaking man is, as quickly as he possibly can, returning to his original type—in a more beastly form.

Miss Uteley is an outspoken critic and observer, and she knows intimately what she is writing about. Her return to China last year was almost a coming-home. She met then almost everybody of real importance behind the Chinese lines. She herself suffered from the horror of aerial bombardment. She saw death and destruction all around her. And yet the whole ghastly beastliness of it has not warped her judgment. She can still coolly appraise both the Japanese aims and the Chinese shortcomings, without prejudice for or against either side. As her publishers say: "She allows her sympathy with the Chinese cause to warm, but not to warp, the truth." And this is true all the way through the book. She has nothing but admiration for the peasants who form the backbone of the Chinese army, but she is bitter in her criticism of the wealthy Chinese who consider that they and their sons are too good to be sacrificed as soldiers. The students rarely join up, though their Communism is allowed to spread everywhere, especially behind the Japanese lines. With the exception of Dr. Robert Lim and his devoted band of helpers, she condemns the whole of the Chinese medical services. Her account shows that the Chinese people, who have for centuries faced starvation and famine, can with equal courage face the terror of wounds and death; but the whole of her human sympathy and common sense revolt at the callous wastage of human lives, which the knowledge

that China has still millions of men encourages.

Her chapter on Japan's war aims is interesting, yet disturbing. Between America and ourselves, 70 per cent. of Japan's trade depends. If we both refused to continue this trade, Japan would be exhausted, and the war would be over in a few months. It might mean, she declares, the loss of Hong Kong and other Far Eastern markets, but in Japanese victory these will go in any case, and she scorns from her own wide knowledge the remotest possibility of ever coming to bargaining terms with Japan. Her book, in fact, is a most valuable one to read at the present time; especially when China seems so far away and Danzig so near. Nevertheless, they are both intimately related to each other, and in "*China at War*" there is a vivid, outspoken, impressive account of one important side of this relationship.



LORD AND LADY DAVID CECIL

A pleasant snapshot of a clever young couple, taken when they were shopping in Oxford. Lord David Cecil, younger son of Lord Salisbury, is a Fellow of New College. His "*The Young Melbourne*," published some months ago, was so brilliantly done that a successor is ardently hoped for. Lady David Cecil is the only daughter of the distinguished author and critic, Desmond MacCarthy.

THE ETON AND HARROW BALL

MR. R. BUCKMASTER ESCORTED
MISS LAVINIA LASCELLESMR. MICHAEL WALKER AND MISS ELIZABETH
HAMBRO TAKE A WELL-EARNED RESTMISS J. McMINNIES AND MR. IAN
ORR-EWING IN THE GARDENLADY CAROLINE CHURCHILL AND MR. C. WHEATLEY
DISCUSS THOSE PRESENTMISS ESMÉE HARMS-
WORTHMR. PETER TOWERS-CLARK AND MISS ANNE
BLACKWELL TAKE A REFRESHER

Although on the following day Eton and Harrow were at each other's throats (or hats) at the end of the match, everybody was on their very best behaviour when foe met foe on No Man's Land at Hurlingham. Outdoor fireworks and a plunge in the swimming-pool, if anybody was mad enough to want such a thing, were among the many attractions, not forgetting the A.A. people stationed outside who added a touch of colour to the scene by throwing the rays of their searchlights across the ground. About 1600 attended, for whom three floors were provided for dancing, and a large number dined at the club prior to the dance. Among those picked out for camera attention were Miss Lavinia Lascelles, a kinswoman



Photos: Swaabe

(AT BACK) THE HON. THOMAS FAIRFAX AND MR. SEYMOUR
EGERTON; (FRONT) MISS MAGDALEN LISTER-ROBINSON, LADY
FAIRFAX, AND MISS SUSAN MONTGOMERIE

of the Earl of Harewood, and her partner, Mr. Buckmaster, who appears to have been in the wars. This must have been one of the first public balls for the Duke of Marlborough's second daughter, Lady Caroline Churchill, who is sixteen this year. Her sister, Lady Sarah Churchill, had the dance of the season given for her at Blenheim a week or two ago, and which people have not yet stopped talking about, which is certainly not surprising. Lord Rothermere's grand-daughter, Miss Esmée Harmsworth, was quite the most attractive girl in the room and her blue dress suited her down to the ground. Lady Fairfax had a large party which included her son, the Master of Fairfax and attractive Miss Susan Montgomerie



GOLF AT DEAUVILLE BEGINS

Deauville is just about starting its season, and many people from this side have been over recently for the golf which is decidedly worth going for, leaving out all the other endless attractions. Among those seen there in the past few days were Lady Veronica Hornby (in tartan trousers) and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wright. Lady Veronica is the only sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava

WRITING their reflections on the Open championship the golf correspondents of the *News of the World* and the *Sunday Times*, by what I know to have been a coincidence, hit on identically similar themes. Looking back upon the almost unmanageable crowds that had swarmed over the Old course at St. Andrews, they suggested that the price of admission was ludicrously small, considering the Open to be the most important golfing event in the world. Where can you see such a spectacle—ten whole hours of play, as Cotton pointed out—for half a crown? The two writers in question differed only in the charges they proposed for the future, the one starting at half a crown for qualifying rounds, five shillings for the first two days of the championship, and ten shillings for the final day; the other starting with five shillings for the qualifying and quoting seven-and-sixpence as reasonable for each of the first two days and ten shillings for the final day.

When you consider the prices charged, and paid willingly, at Wimbledon, the Cup Final, and Ascot, or for prize fights or almost any other form of sporting activity

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST

—at none of which do the spectators take any direct part in influencing the result—it does seem a little astonishing that a stampeding rabble, several thousands strong, should be admitted to the final day of the Open for half a crown apiece—or one shilling less than the cost of witnessing a bad play from the worst seat of a London theatre.

At Birkdale, where the Open is to be held for the first time next year, they are taking the business of controlling the crowd very seriously, and three members of the club went specially to St. Andrews to learn what they could. The experience must have been valuable, for they witnessed many mistakes and must have come home convinced that only the firmest measures are of the least avail when dealing with half-a-crown fans by the thousand, the majority of whom are ignorant of the first principles of the game. I hope that when they work out their plan of campaign for next year they will give full consideration to the question of doubling, and, on the final day, quadrupling, the price of admission. They would earn a certain amount of criticism of the "one law for the rich..." variety, which they can dismiss by inviting comparison with any other sport you like to name, but their reward in the end would be the gratitude of players, spectators and Press alike.

Reverting to less controversial topics, let us congratulate Sydney Banks, who has won the Yorkshire championship, having been runner-up for this event more than once, I believe, and for the English championship. In the final he settled the issue by holing the Moortown course in 70, and eventually beat D. J. Baxter by 7 and 6. I may be wrong, but Banks, whom I have had the pleasure of knowing since he beat me soundly some years ago on the only occasion on which I was rash enough to enter for the English championship, always strikes me as a fellow who takes an æsthetic pleasure in his golf. He gives me the impression that he would as soon hit the ball well and lose as hit it badly and win, and what higher tribute can one pay?

To-day interest is again centred on the North of England, this time at the Mere Country Club, Cheshire, where the Open champion is playing Bobby Locke over 72 holes. The organisers of the match were fortunate, for when they made it they did not know that Burton was to be Open champion. Now, instead of a routine exhibition game it becomes a desperate affair, full of significance to both parties and of dramatic interest to those who watch it—among whom will be your humble correspondent. People have been telling me to go to Mere for so long that I welcome the opportunity. I will report later.



AND STILL MORE DEAUVILLE

Baronin Eugen von Rothschild was being escorted by her brother-in-law, Baron Louis von Rothschild, who was released a short time ago by the Nazis in Vienna, having been kept a prisoner for months. The Baronin was hostess to the Duke of Windsor directly after the abdication, at Schloss Enzesfeld

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS

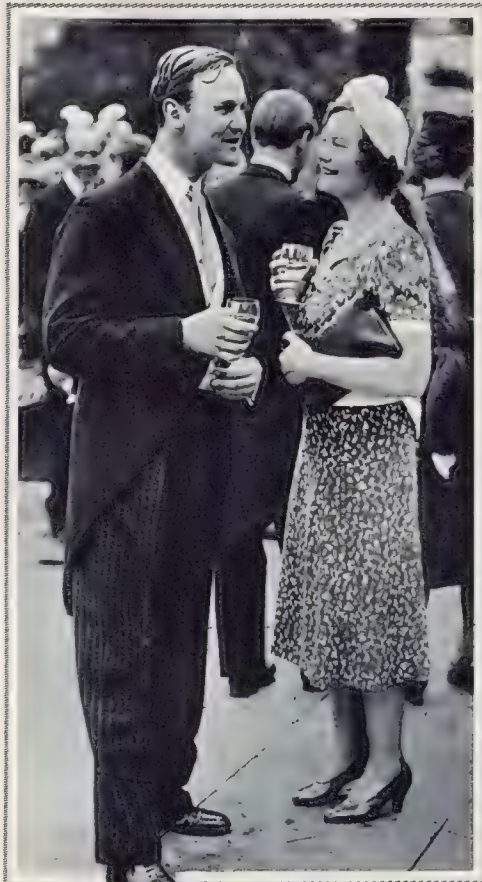


ASHRIDGE GOLF CLUB—By "MEL"

If courses must be exactly classified, then Ashridge must be called a park course, because it is in a park—and a very beautiful one, but the description hardly does it justice. It is rather a forest course, of winding glades between noble trees. Ashridge was originally laid out by a trio of famous architects—Major C. H. Hutchison, Major Sir Guy Campbell, and Major Hotchkin—and they did their work very well. The course is made in that modern and most convenient form of roughly a figure of eight, with two circuits of nine holes apiece, each beginning and ending by the club-house. Thus there are two, and, in fact, at Ashridge there are three separate starting-places, and one is constantly playing in a fresh direction, with the wind from a different quarter.

NEXT WEEK: SUTTON COLDFIELD GOLF CLUB.

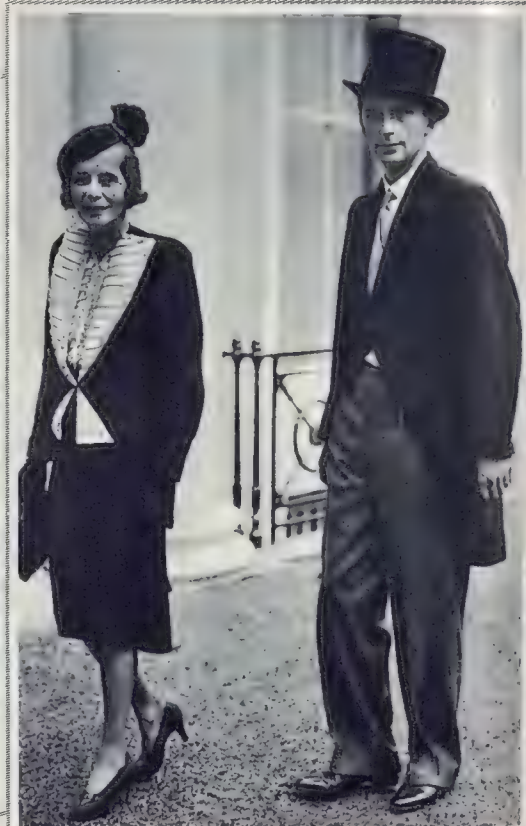
BRASSEY — KINGSCOTE

LADY KATHLEEN ROLLO AND
HER SON, MR. PETER ROLLO

MR. HUGH BRASSEY AND HIS BRIDE

MR. CHRISTOPHER FULLER AND HIS
FIANCÉE, MISS SUSAN HAMBRO

LADY VIOLET VERNON AND LORD ERNE

MISS PRIMULA ROLLO AND LORD FREDERICK
CAMBRIDGE BY THE LILY POOL

LADY CHESHAM AND HER SON

The marriage of Mr. Hugh Brassey, Royal Scots Greys, to charming Miss Joyce Kingscote, daughter of Captain Maurice Kingscote, the Meynell joint-Master, and of Mrs. V. O. Kingscote, of Pinkney Court, Malmesbury, was one of last week's big London events. It took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and the Hon. Mrs. Peter Pleydell-Bouverie lent Holme House, Regent's Park, for the reception. The bridegroom is the only son of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Edgar Brassey, of Dauntsey Park, Chippenham, and as his bride also comes from those parts West Country notables made a fine showing amongst wedding guests. The Duke and Duchess of Beaufort were present, but evaded the camera; the latter, however, focussed on her Grace's brother, Lord Frederick Cambridge, when he was talking to a young Leicestershire light, Miss Primula Rollo, who came with her mother, Lady Kathleen Rollo, and her brother Peter. Lady Chesham and her son, the Hon. Charles Cavendish, were together, and amongst engaged couples were Mr. Christopher Fuller and Miss Susan Hambro, whose wedding plans have not so far been announced. Mr. Fuller is Sir Gerard Fuller's brother and his future wife is the daughter of the late Major-General Sir Percy Hambro. Lord Erne, seen with Lord Cromer's younger daughter, is a connection of Mr. Hugh Brassey, his aunt by marriage, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton, being Mrs. Edgar Brassey's sister.



Continuing our series of celebrity victims of Tony Wysard's ruthless brush, we present one of the happiest of married couples, complete (since March 20) with son, a very important addition to the ranks of the Clan Grant. Lord Reidhaven, heir to two Scottish estates and to enough money to keep them up—which is highly unusual these tax-ridden days—is also lucky, if the artist has not deceived us, in inheriting his mother's lovely red hair. The Countess of Seafield, whose father, the eleventh Earl and thirtieth Chief of his Clan, died of wounds in the Great War, was born in 1906. At the age of twenty-four she married Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, son of the late Mr. J. T. Studley and of Mrs. Geoffrey White and nephew of Admiral Sir Dudley de Chair. In the past Lady Seafield and her husband have spent most of the year in England or the south of France, but from now on they are likely to be more in Scotland. Their young son was only a few weeks old when he was taken up to Castle Grant to be introduced to the tenants. Bonfires and other celebratory signs welcomed him and his parents



QUESTION:

*Lobster, lobster, tell me do,
What is best to drink with you?*

ANSWER:

*Gourmets everywhere agree
Guinness goes down best with me.*



There's nothing like a
Guinness with Lobster



Cannons of Hollywood, Dover Street

A RECENT PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNTESS GARMOYLE

The former Miss Elizabeth Franklyn, daughter of Captain Arden Franklyn, of New Place, Shedfield, was married in 1936 to Lord Garmoyle, son and heir of Lord Cairns. Lord Garmoyle is a captain in the Rifle Brigade, and is at present stationed in that somewhat disturbed country, Palestine, which, happily, during the past few weeks has been slightly less troubled. Lord and Lady Garmoyle's country home is Farleigh House, Bath



Star Presse

MLLE. DE NIZAU

A former member of the Comédie Française, is now playing lead and making a great hit at the Théâtre de la Madeleine in *Matloche*. The story, which deals with the life of a middle-class man, is by the well-known *chansonnier*, Dorin, who plays the title-rôle himself

COUNTRY weddings are *de rigueur* with our theatrical set this year, Très Cher. After the Guity espousals, at Fontenay le Fleury, comes the marriage of Valentine Tessier's clever young journalist-daughter at Pres-sagny-l'Orgueilleux, well-named! The inhabitants of that charming little Normandy village were indeed proud of all the *beau monde* who came down from Paris in such imposing cars. The urchins were hard put to it to label all the glittering R.M.s, R.L.s, R.K.s and R.J.s that were parked on the market-place, and my ancient but beloved Chrysler, which still carries an X—I number-plate, was greeted with cheers of delight. No! They were *not* ironic. "Miss Chrysler 1924" had been well polished up, and since the sun shone upon the happy bride, I was able to furl the hood for the occasion. The hood, I must admit, is our weakest point in the matter of line and condition. But on the whole, a roadster always stands the wear and tear of roads (and modes) better than almost any other build of car. This wedding party was a really happy festivity. One of those *bon garçon* affairs when everyone is joyous simply because t'other fellow smiles! The young people were well suited to each other—age, condition, and all that. Valentine Tessier seemed to be delighted with her rôle as mother of the bride, and Alice Delysia no less so with hers as godmama.

This wedding, by the way, definitely ought to squash an old rumour which was one of those open secrets that people who love to believe themselves in the know delight in discussing. Some twenty-four years ago London insisted that

Priscilla in Paris

Alice Delysia had had a baby, and the story persisted, despite her denial of the fact and her argument that motherhood would have made her so jolly proud that she would have megaphoned the news from the housetops. Well, the bonny babe of 1915 who gave rise to so much talk was the bonny bride of last Wednesday's wedding: her name, most emphatically, is Mlle. Tessier-Fels; she is the daughter of Mme. Valentine Tessier, who has become one of France's greatest actresses, but who, during the war, was a young French refugee, a demure schoolmistress whose husband was at the front and whom Alice Delysia befriended. One can camouflage quite a few things in France—an actress's age on a passport, *par exemple*—but the red tape that ties up a wedding allows for no errors as to the name of the bride's Mama.

The front seats of the tiny church were crowded with lovely ladies in gay, flowered frocks, while the villagers in their best blacks shyly crept into the back rows or stood grouped round the doors in order to hear the strange Monsieur who had come from Paris, where, it seemed, he plays on the stage, coax such beautiful sounds from the ancient harmonium. The Monsieur being Clement Doucet, who played Bach's Mass in B minor and the *Chant des Corporations* from the *Maitres Chanteurs*. The wedding breakfast became a tremendous rag with Jean Cocteau's delightful fooling, Claude Blanchard's singing of pre-war *café-chantant* songs and Alice Delysia's out-dating of them-same with her own repertory of the 1906 song-hits of her first husband,

Harry Fragon.

After the honeymoon the young couple are coming back to Paris to live in a lovely flat which Valentine Tessier discovered in an old house on the Left Bank. It is in the Rue de Verneuil, and was inhabited for many years by Chateaubriand. Mary Marquet, of the Comédie Française, who is bringing off her fourth divorce (from Victor Francen this time), had tried to get it, but the landlord was alarmed by her requirements, of which a bathroom of swimming-pool dimensions was one of the minor details.

Talking of swimming, this is really being written from the Farm-on-the-Island, but I have only just arrived and Miss Chrysler is still making the hot, little gurgling noises of a hard-driven car that is cooling off. I came by a roundabout route, *via* Vichy, where I stopped off for twenty-four hours at my nice Hôtel Queen et Grande Bretagne, in order to look in on the Dog Show and see Mme. Chamart Hérault's lovely Skyes, Miss Ada M. King's West Highland Whites, the Venterol Cairns, and the Garcin "Scotties," to mention but a few. I also ran into Dr. Voronoff, but his interest in the animal kingdom is more simian than anything else. Seems he has been able to buy up a whole colony of bandar-log so cheaply, somewhere in Ethiopia, that mas-

culine rejuvenation will now be possible to every purse, *si j'ose dire*, so that we shall soon have the Prunici and Monoprix stores opening up special departments! I also saw the Henry Rosanoffis, who have a fine wire-haired fox-terrier, and the Cohendys, whose dog, Dominique, objects to enquiries as to his parentage, but who is a perfect little gentleman, all the same. My hound was off duty on this trip, and therefore did not even visit the show—a fact that he most obviously resented.

PRISCILLA.



Raymond

A NEW STUDIO PORTRAIT OF ARLETTY

The smartest, cleverest, and most amusing of actresses. After her many stage successes she played for over a year in Bourdet's *Fric-Frac*. Now she has returned to pictures for a spell, and is in *Hotel du Nord*, recently at the Paris Cinema in Regent Street. She will be seen over here shortly in the screen version of *Fric-Frac*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS

OF KENT IN CARDIFF



LADY HOWARD DE WALDEN
AND LADY PLYMOUTH



H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH
HER HOSTESS, LADY BUTE



LORD DUNRAVEN AND HIS DAUGHTER,
LADY OLEIN WYNDHAM-QUIN



THE HON. JOHN BRUCE, MRS. RICHARD
CADMAN AND LORD PLYMOUTH



LORD AND LADY RHIDIAN CRICHTON-
STUART WERE AT CARDIFF A FEW
DAYS BEFORE THEIR WEDDING



Photographs: Truman Howell
BARON AND BARONESS DE
RUTZEN FACE THE CAMERA


Flags flew in Cardiff on July 15 for the visit of H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent who, in her capacity as Lady Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade in Wales, attended a General Assembly, with Investiture, of the Priory for Wales of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, afterwards inspecting well over 9000 ambulance workers. H.R.H. arrived by air and stayed at Cardiff Castle with Lord and Lady Bute, whose house-party also included Lord and Lady Plymouth, Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, and Lord Dunraven and his daughter. Making his first public appearance since his illness, Lord Plymouth, Sub-Prior, deputised at the Assembly for the Prior (H.R.H. the Duke of Kent), and spoke of the wonderful progress made by the ambulance movement during the last few years. The Hon. John Bruce, Lord Aberdare's brother, figured importantly too, he being Principal Secretary of the Priory, and Commissioner for Wales of the Ambulance Brigade. Lady Bute, a D.J.St.J., also takes tremendous interest in St. John activities. Another hard worker is Baroness de Rutzen, sister of Sir John Philipps of Picton Castle. Five days after these pictures were taken, Lord and Lady Bute were busy with a family wedding—that of Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart, their youngest son, to Miss Selina Gerth van Wijk, at St. James's, Spanish Place. Their new daughter-in-law's father is Dutch Minister in Tangier

ENTERTAINMENTS

à la CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT

Two Gentle Murderers



THIS latest importation from Broadway, *The Gentle People*, is first of all a good, minor melodrama. It tells of two little men being persecuted by a violent big one, until they take courage to kill the blackguard. The newer American dramatists, however, with the distinguished exception of the author of *Of Mice and Men*, seem unable to keep their pens from tracts for the times. So this author, Mr. Irwin Shaw, must needs stop adorning his tale to point a moral: that the unoffending people of the world will be enslaved unless they destroy those that live by violence. The moral is ably pointed; but when the theatrical climax is about to approach, the tension is held up, in order to stress a parallel between these peaceful men and communities of peaceful men, this racketeer and the racketeers whose violence is world-wide.

The play at the Strand, meanwhile, is melodrama only so far as concerns its action: its people are as real as maybe, not outsize characters built for carrying an overload of excitement. To old Jonah the Jew and old Philip the Greek, all life is a faint misery except when they fish and talk in their boat off the pierhead. The Jew's home is ruled by a whining, hypochondriac wife. The Greek has no home and is chef in an unsavoury restaurant where the fat and Fascist proprietress likes Greeks and wants to marry him, so that he shall work twice as hard and fish no more.

But when, in the evenings, the old men sit in the boat beside their rods, they soar above smells and melancholy into a paradise of quietism, where the ultimate joy is the voyage they hope to make down the Gulf Stream, in search of giant fish in sunlit seas. What is more, they have secretly saved half the money for the larger boat that can take them there. Before their persecution happens, they have effectively sold themselves to the audience as pleasant friends—Damon and Pythias of Long Island, N.Y., the one an unconquerable optimist and the other a brave pessimist, who deserve reality for their dream.

Enter the man of violence, and with him, crude evil. This Harold Goff, in camel-hair coat and insistently yellow gloves, contains in his dandified person all that the movies have taught us to believe about small-time racketeers. His proposition is in effect something like this: "My charge for protecting small boats like yours from piracy is five bucks a week, and if you don't pay—well then, down she goes, stove in, to the bottom of the sea. And if you tell the cops, your

PIERHEAD PARADISE:
(FROM TOP) BEN WRIGHT,
GINA MALO, ERNEST JAY,
ABRAHAM SOFAER

lives won't be worth living—if I leave you with any. It's only a matter of business, so there needn't be any hard feelings. If you're sensible old men, just sign this paper saying I've lent you 1000 bucks, and I'll collect the weekly interest without fuss. Have a cigar apiece. . . . And hey you, Jonah—I'm interested in that swell daughter of yours. I shall trot her around, turn her head with my flash ways, make her dissatisfied with her beef-headed young man; fascinate, fondle and finally debauch her. But don't let 's have any fatherly guff about it, or I'll start by knocking your teeth in. You can't stop me—and anyway, you want your daughter to have a good time, don't you? Have a cigar." And when Jonah asks what is this Goff that they should pay him for a space on God's ocean, the unanswerable argument is that he's a man who doesn't mind killing other men.

It stays unanswerable, so long as the racketeer wants no more than weekly blackmail and the seduction of a daughter. Short of murder, nothing much can be done about it. The man's badness is exciting to the girl; and balls, parties and banquets complete the education of a film-fed silly who thinks she has something the others haven't got. But when she informs him of the money which the old men have saved for their dream-voyage to the Gulf Stream, and when he demands it all forthwith, so that he can use it for his own voyage of debauchment to the same region, the human worms try to turn—presumably on the precept of take all else but leave us our dreams. But when they run him in, it is indicated that Coney Island magistrates are on the side of influential robbers of the poor; and the only result is that the villain gives the Jew, cold-bloodedly and as a trifling matter of business, ten of the worst with a rubber truncheon.

So now the worms will turn fully, and provide the excitement of which the audience is rather in need. It is precisely here that the author lets off his sociological steam. The killing of Harold Goff is planned in the Russian Bath where the Jew has gone to ease his hurt. Not being a fervent sociologist (at any rate in the theatre), I wanted them to get on with the probably thrilling job of murder, instead of discussing the ethics of self-defence. I admit to having enjoyed the anarchist maxims from a fat bankrupt undergoing massage, who holds that God is in the service of the large banking corporations. But when the scene returns to the little old boat, some of the flavour of suspense has gone before the gentle cronies lure the villain out into the bay; and a bit more of it goes when, before being executed, the racketeer discourses on the two classes of mankind—beaters and beaters-up. For this reason the cynics are inclined to laugh a bit at the mechanics of melodrama when the timid Greek hesitates to crack down on the bad man's skull with a piece of lead piping. Still, it is a pleasurable moment for all when they heave overboard the body of the unconscious villain; and if the happy ending clicks too slickly into place, suspense returns at full cock when a detective, searching the old 'uns and their boat, misses the racketeer's wallet because fishing-rods can hold other things than fish.

Mr. Abraham Sofaer plays the Jew with force and understanding but, for my liking, makes him too much a missionary of fate. Mr. Ernest Jay's bald and battered Greek is convincing and sympathetic. Mr. Clement McCallin's racketeer is as cold, flashing, relentless as the swordfish of which his victims talk so much: an excellent piece of character-acting. Miss Gina Malo deserves praise for her hypnotised goose-girl, Miss Joan Pereira for her dreadful complaining, Mr. Charles Victor for his so Irish policeman.



PORTRAIT OF AN UNGENTLE
RACKETEER: CLEMENT McCALLIN



Dennis Moss

A ROYAL GLOUCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS PARTY

Mr. John Dundas, Mr. J. H. Cripps, his mother, Lady Cripps, and Colonel Sir Lionel Darell at Windmill Hill, where the 21st (Royal Gloucestershire Hussars) Armoured Car Co., Royal Tank Regiment, T.A., gave a big party to friends while under canvas. Mr. Cripps is a son of Major Sir Frederick Cripps, of Ampney Park, a former Gloucester Yeoman. Sir Lionel Darell is Honorary Colonel, 5th Battalion Gloucestershire Regiment

A NEW invention, which is certain to be of infinite service to many a head of Department, or even to a Colonel of a regiment, is (so I understand) to be put on the market at an early date. It takes the form of a rubber stamp which imprints the image of a lemon. It is designed to cut out all this red-tape business and act as a short cut to the answer to the redundant question. It has been tried recently with great success by the inventor, who was co-opted for service in the Battle Murder and Sudden Death Department. It is felt that it might also come in handy at question-time in the House.

* * *

Anyone who has ever had anything to do with Departments doubtless will recall what a long way round people have to go to get a straight answer to a simple question: the forms that have to be filled up and the references to divers precedents and suchlike that have got to be quoted in support or otherwise. This new invention stops all this. A classic example of the Hampton Court maze method of Departments was an indent once submitted for "Cat—one." The circumstances were these. Mice were eating up soldiers' trousers in an Army Clothing Department and were declining to succumb to the allurements of even the best cheese in the most up-to-date traps. So the O.C.-in-C. Soldiers' Trousers thought of this cat.

Pictures in the Fire

He buzzed in his indent to the appropriate authority in "Q." and after some few months got a notification that his application had been duly received, noted and passed to the D.D.Q.M.Q. (Supplies: Livestock). At the end of a few more months the applicant sent in a gentle reminder (D.O.) which said: "Dear Bill, what about that blasted cat?" At the end of another month the O.C. Soldiers' Trousers got something almost exactly like this: "With reference to your O/22 B.N. and your D.O. (undated) I have the honour to request that you will state for information of U/S (a) colour; (b) age; (c) sex of cat required, and at the same time submit estimates of (1) present numbers of mice engaged in attack upon

raiment; and (2) number of mice cat is likely to kill and eat *per diem*. The U/S would direct particular attention to importance of (2), since it is gathered suggestion is that cat should be brought upon ration strength of unit concerned."

This rubber stamp with the lemon device would have cut clean across all this.

* * *

The Metropolitan Police Horse Show at Imber Court this year was as excellent in every way as it always is, even down to the gentle reminder which we were afforded—that police work is not all musical rides and tent-pegging. This was supplied by a thrilling tableau of a G-man pursuing a Mayfair Mobman and his Moll. The Musical Ride was voted



Stuart

CELEBRITIES IN THE MIDLANDS

The ever-young Jean Borotra and Baron Gottfried von Cramm, star finalists in the Midland Counties Championship singles at Edgbaston, who were obliged by relentless rain to divide the prizes. It is announced that von Cramm is going to live in Sweden and will be available for their Davis Cup team next year



HONEYMOONERS DOWN SOUTH

Betty Frankiss (Jacqueline of non-stop *Me and My Girl*) and her solicitor bridegroom, Mr. Howard Sydney Johnson, in front of the Carlton Bar at Cannes. Charming Miss Frankiss will be back at the Victoria Palace to-night, July 26



Holloway

WATCHING THE PASSING SHOW

Major Washington Hibbert, Warwickshire well-known, with three Pytchley-ites, Lord and Lady Cromwell, from Misterton, and Captain George Drummond, Squire of Pitsford, at the recent Northamptonshire Agricultural Show, held at Kettering and highly successful. Lord Cromwell, whose mother-in-law, Lady Cripps, also appears on this page, used to be in the 60th

By "SABRETACHE"

by everyone to be the best anyone had ever seen anywhere, pick the unit where you will. There was not a horse on the wrong leg at any moment, dressing and distance perfect. The Police must have been pleased also to beat the combined Household Cavalry in the team-jumping for that very handsome challenge cup, and their victory was much aided by a clean round by P.C. Rennie on a very clever and careful steed, which was beautifully ridden. The mounted police remounts, many of them only four-year-olds, were likewise quite outstanding. Sir Percy Laurie, although no longer a policeman, still does the buying and should be proud of his continued success. There was one little bay, Rastus, which I thought ought to have been in the money in the contest for handiness. He did all that he was asked to do and had them all beat for looks. The half-section jumping was also quite first-class. The obstacles were only sheep hurdles without wings, but I have seen these horses jump a jet of water from a hosepipe ere now—an index of how well they are schooled by my friend Sergeant King, who is the senior N.C.O. at Imber Court training establishment. The children's jumping was admirable and was won by a little girl, Margaret Ewart, with a faultless round from a very hot field—dead-heat for second honours. Sir Philip Game, the Commissioner, and all others concerned



Stuart

WET-WEATHER TENNIS

Mrs. Hammersley and Mme. Mathieu well rainproofed at the Midland Counties Championships at Edgbaston, where, owing to a deluge, they had to give the rain best in the singles final, when the first-named was leading 3-2 in the opening set. Mrs. Hammersley (Freda James that was) is a Wightman Cup choice

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Holloway

KNOWLEDGEABLE CRITICS AT KETTERING

The recent Show of the Northamptonshire Agricultural Society gave the camera plenty of opportunities. In this group are Miss May Wilson, M.F.H., Mr. Nigel Stopford-Sackville (owner of lovely Drayton House, near Kettering), Mr. W. T. V. Wayte Wood, and Miss Violet Wilson, M.F.H. The Misses Wilson are the very popular twin joint-Masters of the Woodland Pytchley



Dennis Moss

MORE PARTY SPIRIT AT WINDMILL HILL

Another cheerful group taken when the mechanised Royal Gloucestershire Hussars were entertaining in camp. Here are to be found (from left) Mr. V. Tate, Mr. M. Holding, Mrs. Tate, Mrs. Turnbull, Miss King, Mr. L. Taylor, Miss Hudden, Captain Lord de Clifford, Mrs. Lloyd Dolbey, and Mr. M. H. Taylor. Lord de Clifford, a host, like Mr. Taylor, at this good party, was promoted Captain two years ago

in this show are to be much felicitated, for it could not have been bettered in a single detail. In spite of the counter-attraction of the Eton and Harrow match and the hat-bashing contest, the gallery was enormous and also distinguished.

At an excellent Horse Show the other day a very attractive tourist who had just returned from the land of Romulus and Remus told me that some "perfectly delightful" young people, who had never had any "real English fox-hunting," were thinking of coming over to our land this next season with some "absolutely marvellous" horses. She asked me, "because you have something to do with that sort of thing," whether it would be "all right" under present circumstances. I suppose it would, because we are such a polite nation these days. At the same time it was only right to point out that we read so many extracts from the *Giornale D'Italia* that it was difficult to believe that anyone from the land of Michael Angelo could possibly want to come and visit us. It was also, so I felt, desirable to suggest that there is a fierce fire of patriotism burning in the heart of most fox-'untin', shootin' and fishin' chaps and that they have a quiet little way of their own of showing that they resent unwarranted rudeness.



BATHING BEAUTY

Mlle. Simone Simon, decorating the scene at Eden Roc, where the gay world is now gathering in fuller force than ever. This fascinating star of *La Bête Humaine* and other film fame was taking a very short Riviera holiday from *Cavalcade d'Amour*, her latest starring medium

LE QUATORZE JU



IN THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES: COLONIAL
(LEFT) MARTHE EGGERTH, AND (R)
CHAUVIRE AT THE OPEN-AIR PERFORM



A DETACHMENT OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS LEADS T
(ON LEFT AND RIGHT): MARLENE DIETRICH, ONE OF

The 14th of July is always a day of days in France and this year Paris s
with one of the biggest military parades ever seen in the French capital. P
past of over 30,000 troops and mechanised units the British contingent of C
the accompaniment of constant shouts of *Vive l'Angleterre!* With the Presi
and naval celebrities, amongst whom were Mr. Hore-Belisha, Lord Gort, C
Air Chief-Marshal Sir Cyril Newall, Chief of our Air Staff. The parade s
This impressive unity of air force and all that it stands for was
broadcast speech that evening during which he said: "We do not threa
peace among all the peoples. But all menaces, all attempts at domination,
efforts with all those peoples which are resolved to safeguard their inc
Quatorze Juillet celebrations, these were rounded off in the huge amphitheat
them Serge Lifar, Marthe Eggerth, and Marlene Dietrich, delighted massed thou

LILLET IN PARIS



TROOPS MARCH PAST M. LEBRUN
(RIGHT) SERGE LIFAR AND Mlle.
MANCE WHICH FINISHED THE DAY



THE INFANTRY IN THE PROCESSION OF ARMED MIGHT
MANY STARS APPEARING ON THE OPEN-AIR STAGE

started her celebrations of the 150th anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille. President Lebrun took the salute in the Champs-Élysées, and in the march-Guards and Royal Marines had the privilege of heading the infantry, to dent stood a very distinguished Anglo-French group of political, military I.G.S., Admiral Sir Edward Evans (representing the First Sea Lord), and started with a roar past of more than 300 French and British aeroplanes. specially alluded to by the French Premier, M. Daladier, in a ten anybody. We do not dream of any conquests. All we desire is would find us determined to defend French liberty and to join our dependence." And so say all of us. To turn to the lighter side of tre of the new Trocadero, where stars of ballet, screen and stage, amongst sands. Marlene's singing of "Auprès de Ma Blonde" was just a smash hit





RECORD-BREAKING: THE VAST CROWD AT THE WHITE CITY FOR THE HARVEY-McAVOY FIGHT

Well over 80,000 people—a record for any open-air fight in Britain—saw Len Harvey just beat Jock McAvoy on points for the light-heavyweight world title at the White City Stadium. This remarkable picture of the huge and orderly crowd was taken in the twelfth round. Two rounds later came McAvoy's terrific right hook to the jaw which so very nearly spelt disaster for Harvey

A STUDENT was rehearsing in class a poem to be recited for public declamation. He came to a line: "When Greece, her knees in suppliance bent."

There he stuck, and couldn't get any further. He tried again and again: "When Greece, her knees——" and still he stuck.

At last the instructor said: "Well, Jones, suppose you grease her knees again, and then perhaps she'll go."

A gypsy family had just cleared away from near the vicar's house and left a dead donkey only partly covered by earth. The vicar wrote to the council about the deceased animal. They responded, rather facetiously, saying that it was the vicar's duty to bury the dead.

The vicar replied that he knew that, but he just wanted to let the relatives know.

The spectator at a cricket match was disgusted with the game, and turning to the man sitting next to him, he said: "Fancy putting on a rotten bowler like that."

"Well," was the angry reply, "it's better than your old straw hat, anyway!"

"Daddy, where were you born?" asked little Betty.

"In Manchester."

"And where was Mummy born?"

"In Leeds."

"And where was I born?"

"Here, in London."

A pause.

"Queer, isn't it, how we three people came together?"

BUBBLE and SQUEAK

At the annual Army and Navy Rugby match this year, a big spectator with a very loud voice kept shouting: "Up the Navy!" at frequent intervals, to the discomfort of a little man in

front. During a lull, the latter turned round and said, "Pardon me asking, sir. You've served in the Navy, I suppose?"

"Lumme, yes!" bellowed the loud-voiced one. "I served in one of those 'hush-hush' ships."

"Ah!" murmured the other. "Thank Heaven you didn't serve in H.M.S. *Thunderer*!"



THE NEXT MORNING: WORLD CHAMPION LEN HARVEY AT HOME

Showing distinct signs of his gruelling fight with McAvoy, Len Harvey spent the next day, his thirty-second birthday, quietly at home in Holland Park with Mrs. Harvey and their niece, Jacqueline. The new holder of the light-heavyweight world championship (previously held by John Henry Lewis, who was prevented by an eye injury from defending) has no immediate ring plans, but his next fight will probably be against Tommy Farr in October. An invitation to cross the Atlantic has been declined.

The darkie stood in the dock awaiting his sentence.

"Rastus," said the judge, sternly, "you're a good-for-nothing scamp, and I'm going to send you away for a year at hard labour."

A woman stood up at the back of the court.

"Please, Judge," she said, "I'm dat man's wife, and will yo' Honah jes' kinder split dat sentence? Don't send him away from home, but let dat hard labour stand!"

"Ay!" exclaimed Sandy to his English friend. "Scotland's the finest place on earth."

"Then what made you leave it, since you like it so much?" asked his friend.

Sandy grinned.

"Ah, weel," he chuckled, "it was like this. In Scotland everybody was as clever as masel' and I couldna' mak' ony progress. But here—here I'm getting on verra weel."



Summer Days

OVALTINE COLD

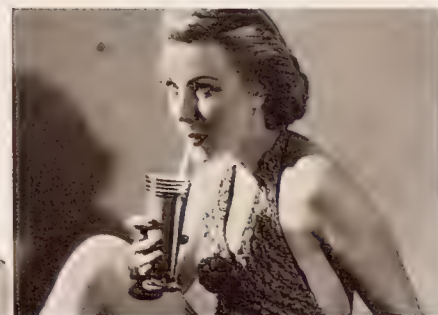
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Remember that the light meals you enjoy in Summer are not completely nourishing. Delicious 'Ovaltine' supplies all the health-giving vitamins and important food elements that build up radiant health and abundant energy.

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'Ovaltine' is served at Cafés, Restaurants, Bathing Pools and Milk Bars.



P429A



THE GIPSY

This wonderful study by John Lea is a portrait of Gipsy Annie Benham, who roams the Dorset Downs and the villages and little towns nestling in the valleys. In spite of her smile, she is still disconsolate for the loss of her husband two years ago. He was a leader of his clan and his funeral at Dorchester was attended by a great concourse of Romany folk from far and near

GO GREYHOUND RACING AT WHITE CITY

THE TATLER
No. 1987, JULY 26, 1939



EXERCISE is the basis of a greyhound's training. But to the champions shown here at the G.R.A. kennels in the midst of rich, green parkland at The Hook, Northaw, Herts., exercise is real fun and pleasure. Long carefree hours of happy companionship in the summer sunshine give the champion greyhound his sleek coat, his grace in action, his stamina and his bursts of speed.



THE WINNERS OF THE MILITARY HANDICAP CUP: THE TERRITORIAL ARMY "A" TEAM

After conceding three goals on handicap, the Territorial Army "A" team beat the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers by six goals to five in the Military Handicap Challenge Cup at Roehampton. In the first half of the game the 9th Lancers had it all their own way, being 4-1 at the end of the fourth chukka. But after this Lakin hit three goals, making it 4-4. After reaching 5-5, a penalty hit for a foul gave the Territorials the victory. Reading left to right are Captain N. Dugdale (No. 2), J. Lakin (No. 3), the Hon. M. R. Samuel (No. 1), the Hon. P. M. Samuel (back)

THE thing which the result of this year's Military Handicap Tournament suggests is that it is time that the Territorial Army were starters for the more important polo contest open to soldiers, the Inter-Regimental. This Territorial "A" team which won it and, which was mainly Warwickshire Yeomanry, is quite class enough to stand a fairly good chance with the average regimental side, and this being so, I think that it would be all to the good if in the future the gallant Terriers showed a leg in the major operation. This is what the goal value of this Territorial team was: M. R. Samuel (2), N. Dugdale (3), J. Lakin (7), P. M. Samuel (1)=13. The 9th Lancer side which they beat 6 to 5 (received 3) that is, level 6 to 2, was not the full regimental one, but practically so, and read like this: W. K. C. Pulteney (1), J. R. Greenwood (0), G. E. Prior-Palmer (5), J. H. Montagu-Douglas-Scott (3)=9. The missing 9th Lancer (regular team) was K. J. Price (2). The point is not however, so much one of sums in arithmetic as that the Territorial Army can dig out a team as good as the one that we saw. The full 9th Lancer side was only beaten 9 to 8 by the 10th Hussars (ultimate winners) in the third round of the Inter-Regimental. The conclusion is pretty obvious.

There is this further: in future we shall need all the teams we can get to keep the Inter-Regimental going

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

at all. So far, mechanisation has not killed regimental polo, but how long can we give it before it does? A few years at the utmost. Quite apart from the "Spanners Horse" aspect, the officer who will go into the mechanised cavalry will not be the same kind as the one who went into the horsed cavalry. Bar the Household troops we have now only two regular cavalry regiments on horses, the Greys and the Royals. All the rest of the cavalry are Yeomanry. It has been the Horse Soldier who has been the backbone of polo in the past, and it surely is clear that he will continue to be so in the future, so far as may be possible, whether he be a regular or otherwise. It is conceded that the 1939 Territorial side which we are discussing is somewhat exceptional, but why should it be? Given the necessary encouragement we may find other Territorial Cavalry regiments coming to the fore. They are officered in the main by hunting people (this year's side had one ex-M.F.H., Mr. John Lakin, reserve International, and one serving M.F.H., the Hon. M. R. Samuel), and Warwickshire is not the only county where this kind of thing grows. How about Cheshire and Yorkshire to draw a bow at a venture? Anyway, I feel convinced that it is a good suggestion to foster and encourage the polo spirit in the Yeomanry Cavalry and the Territorial Army generally. Why should not the Royal Air Force also chip in? They put up a pretty good show against the Navy in the Duke of York's Cup.

In the Duke of York's Cup last year the R.A.F. beat the Royal Navy 6 to 4, the vanquished putting up a far better fight than they had any right to expect they could. Half of them were mounted on hirelings and had next to no practice; the rest were mounted by their captain, Lord Louis Mountbatten. The Air Force, in addition to advantage in pony power, had Captain D. C. J. Miller (late 17/21 L.) in the side.

This year the R.A.F. had F/O. J. W. W. Hurndall (3), son of a famous polo-playing father, Brigadier F. B. Hurndall (14th H.), and the other three were all old colours: H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, Air Vice-Marshal

J. E. A. Baldwin and Squadron Leader R. L. Bradford. The Army took the field with the 1936 captain, Lord Louis Mountbatten, one other of that fine side, Captain C. E. Lambe, who had hardly seen a horse for months, the Captain's nephew, Lord Milford Haven, up in front, and Commander H. W. Williams just behind him. The Number One's handicap is nil at the moment, and the Number Two's (1), so that the side did not look too seaworthy. I could not quite understand why anyone thought that the Senior Service would run clean away with the match. One man, however good and however fit, does not make a team, though sometimes he may inspire it to go like scalded cats. This is what happened this time.



THE JUNIORS' TEAM, WHO BEAT THE SENIORS FOR THE VILLAVIEJA CUP AT HURLINGHAM

The Juniors, whose aggregate age must not exceed 100, beat their venerable opponents who are supposed to total at least 200 years between them, by eight goals to three. The Juniors looked like winners all the way along; their No. 1, Alex Wernher scored two good goals and Hamilton-Russell again showed grand form. The team reads (l. to r.) Captain H.H. the Maharaja of Jaipur (back), the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell (No. 3), Jack Traill (No. 2), Alex Wernher (No. 1)



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LAWN TENNIS : By GODFREY WINN

NOW that Wimbledon is over once more and the serious business of the game is temporarily suspended, let us put on record that the dinner at the end of the championships took a turn for the better this year, when round about midnight Alice Marble

advanced to the microphone and gave of her best. And so overwhelming was her success as a blonde crooner that now the Television people have signed her up, and it is reported that during her final in the Irish championships against that extremely clever tactician, Susan Noel, when she lost three times as many games as in the final at Wimbledon, she was heard to hum under her breath, "I can't give you anything but love, baby." What shall we have next in the tennis world? Well, that home-made comedian, our George Formby, suggests that next year when the championships come round, the Wimbledon authorities should take a leaf out of the Hollywood book and rocket again their retreating profits by advertising the following as a Centre Court attraction:

TO-DAY. Greta Gazebo and Clark Babel in MIXED DOUBLES! A ding-dong Drama of the Centre Court. See—*The Volley of Death. The umpire on whom the sun never sets.* Hear Bing Crosscourt singing—Lob is the Sweetest Thing—She must be Marble, 'Cos I can't make her Budge. Supported by—50 BOUNCING BALL-BOYS.

What do you think of that? I think myself that it would be a great improvement after the unbelievable dreariness of what went on on the Centre Court this year. I am sorry to keep harping upon it, but believe me, I have been really kind in my criticisms compared to what most critics have been saying this last fortnight. The truth is, that if Wimbledon continues to become increasingly boring as a spectacle each year, soon we shan't even care if the so-called stars are shamateurs or not. By the way, you remember that I promised to tell you one week about the poor player who had got himself in a jam with the racquet makers. Well, it appears, chums (have you been to see the Band Waggon gang yet at the Palladium? because if you haven't, you are missing something that will keep our Adolf indefinitely at bay), it appears, chums, as I was saying, that a young man, British to the core I need hardly add, who had been using a certain brand of racquet for years, and receiving a weekly sum for doing so, suddenly decided that the reason why his game wasn't improving into the world class was because of the gut he used. (Naturally, it never occurred to him that he was lacking in guts himself.) So he informed the dear, kind racquet makers, who for the sake of the Game had been supporting him so long (naturally he couldn't afford to pay for any racquet at any time), and

explained that, purely for the sake of his art, henceforth he had decided to patronise Messrs. So-and-So's. So what? Exactly. There was, to put it politely, a devil of a blaze. After all we've done for you . . . just because those double-crossing sons of . . . offer you better terms . . .

did they want you when you were nobody? . . . and so on and so forth. The tennis star said nothing. There was nothing he could say. He imagined that the rumpus would last a week, and then they would simply wash their hands of him, and he would be left in peace to earn an honest living hawking the wares of the rival firm. So you can imagine what his stomachic sensations were when he received a letter one morning to inform him that the whole of his correspondence with the firm that he had discarded like a cast-off mistress was going to find itself in the hands of the L.T.A. Whether that damning indictment has been duly delivered and acknowledged yet I have not been able to discover, but meanwhile the poor star in the stocks is going through such an agony of apprehension that he is quite unable to do himself justice and his new patrons, who thought they were being so clever to woo him away, are now rue-

fully wondering whether they are going to be left with the baby.

I am sure there is a moral attached to this story somewhere. Perhaps two or three morals. I will leave you to sort them out. Meanwhile, I have received, this week, an S.O.S. from Australia from a young lady who wants advice on how she may support herself legitimately in the Old Country while pursuing her tennis studies, so to speak, at the same time. The young lady is Miss Nancy Wynne, who has all the makings of a champion, but had rather a disappointing season when she was over here last summer. Later she did better in America, where the fast courts suited her hitting-for-winners game, and I remember writing at the time that all she needed to enable her to be a finalist at Wimbledon was a couple of seasons' more play in the best company. Perhaps you don't agree with that judgment? Anyway, I can defend it on the score that three months ago, on this page, I predicted that this would be the best season of her career for the new Kay Stammers, and lo and behold! she won at Bournemouth without losing a set, and reached the final at Wimbledon. And not content with that, I was so rash as to give you, a month ago, both the Wimbledon winners, Alice Marble and Bobby Riggs, before a ball had crossed any of the Wimbledon nets. Looking back now, I am astonished at my rashness, but as I was successful, it was only human of me to point it out, to balance out all the occasions in the future when, I do not doubt, I shall be hopelessly wrong. Meanwhile, the



Stuart

CHISWICK PARK LAWN TENNIS CLUB ENTERTAIN HARVARD AND YALE

America's two most famous Universities have sent over a joint team to play Oxford and Cambridge in August, and during their stay here are competing in several tournaments. The Chiswick Park Club defeated the visitors in a friendly match, 4-2 in the singles and 5-3 in the doubles, but against that must be put the fact that the visitors had had little time for practice

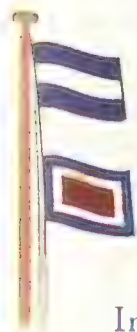
L. to r.: standing, back row—J. Blair (Chiswick Park), C. T. Tinling (Chiswick Park), H. Stephens (Yale), J. C. Warboys (Chiswick Park), G. Campbell (Yale), B. Butters (Chiswick Park); sitting—M. E. Lucking (Chiswick Park), L. Gilkey (captain, Harvard), C. Bloomfield (Chiswick Park), D. Burt (Harvard); on ground—C. J. Hovell (Chiswick Park), J. Palfrey (Harvard), J. Comery (Chiswick Park), W. Thorn (Yale)



FILM-STAR SHIRLEY TEMPLE WITH EX-TENNIS STAR ELIZABETH RYAN

That idol of the Centre Court in past years is now far from these shores, and during her travels met Shirley Temple and perhaps gave her a little instruction in the use of her bat and ball, to which it is hoped her youthful pupil paid due attention. Without any doubt, "Bunny" Ryan in her prime would have given many of our so-called star players of to-day a great many rude shocks

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SOMETHING NEW IN DANCING



RAM GOPAL AS KING KLANA

(ON RIGHT) MAYA RANI



AND AGAIN IN THE COBRA DANCE



For those who like something rather out of the ordinary, then these two sensational dancers, Ram Gopal and Maya Rani, should just about fit in with their requirements. Hailing from India, they are now dancing at the Aldwych Theatre for a short season after a really amazing world tour. Ram Gopal has been hailed by the New York critics as the Indian Nijinsky. With him is the lovely Maya Rani and a small company of Indian dancers. As can be seen from the accompanying photographs, the dressing is quite superb, especially the King Klana costume, which, for sheer beauty, surpasses anything that has been seen on the English stage for some time. Ram Gopal's Cobra Dance is said to be one of the cleverest things ever seen

HOLLYWOOD FABLE

By JOHN COLLIER

THERE was a certain film-producer who had risen to be head of one of the largest of the studios. His jowl hung down like a round bag of bluish leather, and wobbled as he walked. His nose was set flat to his face, knowingly pointed, and wickedly askew. His eyes were black and sliding, insolently lidded, alive to watch, but dead to respond. I never saw his body, but hundreds have who had rather not. These say it was a very hateful, paunchy little body, horribly pale and irrelevantly hairy, and more feminine than masculine in its general contours.

He had an infinity of wicked ways; some of them are to be found in other film-producers. He sabotaged his directors, spurned his writers, and insisted on his own ideas being put into any film that was being made. To refuse was to be fired at once for insubordination; to agree was to be fired after the pre-view for inefficiency. On others, the she-stars, bit players, and extra girls of his studio, he forced a fate which has sometimes been called worse than death, "and the surprise element turned out to be," they unanimously complained, "that it was." Not all these were given the jobs they had been promised.

He had the megalomania of his kind, but to a unique degree, and had them all stand up when he entered and would have had them cry: "Heil, Benny Blintz!" with a Roman salute, except he was scared by what happened to young Blackshirt, the baby-killer, when he was entertained by the toadies of Hollywood. In this, and one or two other respects, his excesses were curbed, not by virtue, but by a further weakness, which is in tyrants a very quicksand in itself, and eats up the unwary: he longed to be popular, admired and loved.

Sometimes he was troubled by a wild, fantastic, hypochondriacal fancy, which his doctor told him came from having a bad liver, but which obviously came more from being one. This notion, which visited him in the grey of certain sleepless dawns, was that maybe some of his staff were not absolutely sincere in the homage they paid him, and possibly certain of the extra girls did not love him for himself alone.

It was at this time that a certain unscrupulous scenarist put up to him as original a ten-thousandth version of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid story, which, like most of his other ideas, he made his own by greedily swallowing it wholesale; but instead of using it for a film, he resolved to put on the act in person, and soon formed the habit of slipping out from the Presidential Palace Bungalow disguised in a set of greasy jeans, or the careless rig and hair-comb of a junior member of the musical department, and mingling with the mob upon the lot.

Oddly enough, he found that he was not forced to fire as much as an under-electrician. Everyone spoke glowingly of Benny Blintz, and the extra girls seemed to find him as attractive in his poor disguise as when they interviewed him arrayed in all his fame and splendour. The reason for this was, that though his chief make-up man, sworn to secrecy, did all he could to paint this lily with a smear of alien grease, he had not the courage to mention the necessity of casting odours on the violet; the plain truth is, Benny stank, and everyone recognised him as easily as they would a polecat. So, no sooner would he thrust his prying beak into the canteen, than he heard his health being drunk on every side. "Here's to Mr. Blintz!"

"Shucks, boy, call him Benny. Ain't he a reg'lar feller?"

"Sure. The greatest little colossal goddam genius this industry's ever seen, and as democratic as my . . ." Here, perhaps, the speaker would make use of a homely expression, but with a wealth of rugged feeling behind it.

"You said it," another would join in. "Boy, has that guy got a heart?"

"He's all heart," cried another.

"Yeah," cried a sixth. "All of him that ain't genius, business sense and wonderful picture-making ability. I wish he'd run for President."

"I wish he knew," cried another, "how I put my guts into cutting *Orphan Angels*; made it the B.-O. sensation it's turned out to be. Say, I wish he knew the financial jam my old folks are in."

All this highly delighted the disguised Blintz. Sometimes he would try the effect of a little treason, as far as his imagination would carry him, against his own sacred name. Then they would hit him, but very gently.

When he got among the extra girls, the process was partly reversed. He used the name Jerry O'Hara.

"Say, honey," this false O'Hara would moan, "what's the good of a small-time guy like me making up to you. Now, if I was old Benny Blintz, yeah, you'd be all over me."

"Aw, cut it out!" would come the husky response. "Mr. Blintz, he's handsome, it's true. I don't know what you mean, 'old.' That's poise, that ain't old."

"Oh, yeah, girlie, he's old all right."

"Can't you use those wicked eyes, big boy? He's just around forty, same as you. Age of romance, I call it."

Benny would simper at this, for he was sixty if he was a day. "Yeah, but honey, if only I was rich like him . . ."

"No, Jerry. Not with all them millions. I reckon it makes him somehow cold and hard. Too rich for love! Don't that seem terrible, with a guy that's got all he's got—you know what I mean. I'll confess it, he was my hero when I was just a kid. Say, I came to Hollywood just to get on this very lot, just to see him pass by. Broken-hearted Cinderella, eh? Could I be good to a guy like that? Only that goddam casting director, pulling the wool over his eyes . . ."

"Never mind him, baby. Tell me more."

"Say, Jerry . . . I dunno. . . . Since I met you. . . . Say, you got something of him about you, I can't say what. Say, I thought I'd wasted my life, just worshipping. But I gotta feeling, Jerry . . ." and so on.

All this gave Benny the very devil of an opinion of himself, both as the perfect boss and as a fascinating nobody. In the end he was so besotted as to wander off the lot into the great world, to exercise his personal fascination there. He rambled about the back streets for some time, feeling, perhaps, like a salmon new come from his own quiet stream to the brisker adventures of the salty sea. Soon his feet began to hurt him, and, looking about for somewhere he might sit, what should he see, through the window of a low-class joint, but the most superb blonde imaginable, her hair glinting like the irradiated snows on Helicon, as she stood in the clouds of steam, ladling out the chili-concarne.

He slid inside without delay, and, seating himself at the farthest table, he feasted his eyes upon her until the place was empty, when, beckoning her over to him, and without the formality of a "by-your-leave," he helped himself to one or two little favours as casually as if these were crisps or peanuts supplied by the management. He was by this time so convinced of his irresistible charm.

She, on the other hand, not sharing his opinion, was about as delighted as if she had been caressed by a tarantula, and let out a yip which, though it paralysed our hero, had quite the opposite effect on the cook, who loved her, and now came darting out from his kitchen with a brash unwieldy billet of wood in his hand, with which he had been in the very act of stoking up the barbecue in preparation for the 50-cent Late Pork Feed. This he brought down on the head of Master Benny, who incontinently fell to the ground, looking for all the world like a new cheap line in corpses, fresh from the works.

"Holy Mother of God, buddy!" cried the superb blonde. "You have him kilt entirety! 'Tis the hot squat ye'll be takin', I'm thinkin', Mavoorneen, when the dew is glisterin' on the Malibu hills, an' . . ."

"Listen, kiddo," replied her Buddy very coolly, "I barbecue, see? Dis baby don't fry. No, siree! Take him by the trotters, sister. I'll get him round the spare ribs; we'll dump 'm in an ash-can in back of Chinky Wu's Chop

(Continued on page 178.)



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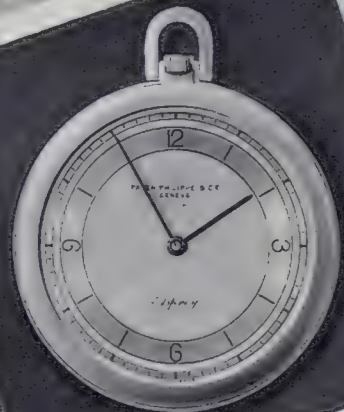
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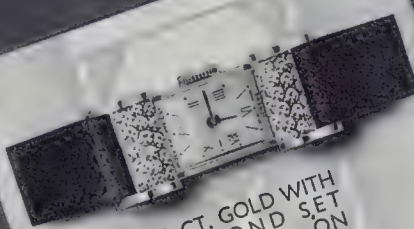
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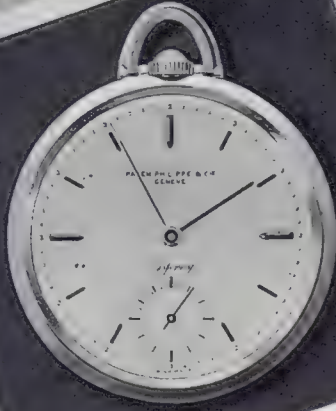
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HOLLYWOOD FABLE—(Continued from page 176)

Suey. Mebbe they'll take him for a left-over. And we dunno nuth'n, see?"

This transfer was speedily effected. The lovers, wiping their hands upon their hinder parts, passed back into the redolent nook consecrated to their idyll, and thus out of our story. In the small hours of the morning, Benny, who was not dead, recovered consciousness, and was soon found by a night-cop, zigzagging miserably, picking at the chow-min with which he was plentifully besprinkled, and cursing the empty air of Vine Street for not putting more salt on its pretzels.

He was taken to the lock-up, where they tickled him a little, but, finding he did not recover, they soon concluded he was not drunk, but mad. He was removed to hospital, where he was admitted as a case of lost identity, and consigned to a cot. While he still babbled, in came a columnist, who happened, by the ordinance of a just fate, to be one of those very writers he had fired for refusing to take his own lousy ideas into their films, and this one was now reduced to writing a daily column of tripe for a beggarly two hundred per, and to hanging round the night courts and emergency wards in search of human documents for subject matter.

"Well, Doc.," said he to the medico in charge; "got any human documents to-night?"

"Just the thing," said the doctor, himself an ardent amateur of letters. "What about a guy who's lost his identity, and by the looks of him he's better off without it?"

The writer eagerly assented to this proposition, and soon viewed Benny Blintz, just as that worthy was asking for the hundredth time: "Who am I?"

"Cut that out, O'Hara," said the nimble-witted scribe. "Jerry O'Hara's your name. Gag-man's stooge at the Benny Blintz studios."

"So I am," said Benny cloudily. "I dunno . . . I suppose I must have had the hell of a night."

"That's O.K.," said the writer.

"The boys are busy on a hang-over scene. You'll be an inspiration to 'em."

"I mustn't be late," said the poor addle-pate, clawing out for his clothes. "Blintz is a hard man."

"The hell with it," said the writer. "He's the grandest little guy in the world."

"Didn't he fire you one time?" said Benny doubtfully.

"He did," said the writer. "And the fault was his. I had breakfast with him this morning; he admitted it, and he's taking me right back on the lot."

"How's he looking?" said Benny anxiously.

"He's looking grand," said the writer.

"That's fine," said Benny. "I was only fooling when I said he was a hard nut. I reckon he's the goods. I mustn't be late though."

With that he wobbled off. The writer looked after him thoughtfully for a long time, picking at his teeth with the little finger-nail of his left hand.

"Got your human story?" asked the doctor, poking his head in. "Got your column?"

"To hell with the column," said the writer, hurrying out. He summoned a taxi, and pretty soon was in conference with three or four big executives in the Benny Blintz studio, men whose faces had long ached with smiling, and whose jaws had grown enormous with the muscular effort of saying "yes." These heard his story with an interest such as a writer seldom encounters.

"You say," said one, "that this doc says it'd be a terrible thing for him if ever he got his identity back again?"

"I do," said the writer.

"Hadn't we better," said another, more timid, "hadn't we better get it from that doc in writing?"

"Have sense," cried the first indignantly. "Have proportion. Listen, a doc's got no time for writing, he's healing up sick people all the time. Supposing some little baby died while he was messing around with a pen?"

"That's right," said a third. "A doc's say-so, it goes. Remember fellers, in *Men in White* . . ." And so forth. In the end, the writer had his instructions and a contract; he hurried out to summon one or two trusties among the Blintz gun-men who were hired to stand about the place, and who, like Nero's guards, loved him no better than the rest.

Meanwhile Benny had gained the studio, and, as before, found himself well treated on every side, and feasted with praises of the great Blintz. That very afternoon, however, a whisper ran through the fringes of the crowd, altered looks began to appear, and Benny found himself frozen out from every eagerly gabbling group.

"Aw, say! What's biting you boys?" cried he.

"Goddam it," cried a muscular fellow, "if it isn't that stinking O'Hara butting in again! Take that!"

With the word, poor Benny received a sock in the puss, such as he had often commanded the extras to give to one another, for the sake of realism.

No sooner was the ice broken, than all fell upon him with one accord. Song-men, electricians, camera crews, extras, secretaries, art assistants surrounded our unfortunate hero like wasps round a rotten plum. Even the highest paid director, in passing, condescended to send his gofer to kick him in the ribs. A star's publicity Alsatian hurried up to have a bite.

"We'll see," cried our hero, when at last he had space and breath to speak. "We'll see what Mr. Blintz has got to say to this. Wait till I tell Benny."

With that he rushed up to the Presidential Palace Bungalow.

"Say, sonny," said a tight-lipped guard, "what'd you reckon you're doin' up these steps?"

"I wanna speak to Mr. Blintz," cried Benny.

"Beat it, buddy," said the guard, fingering his gun.

"What's this?" asked one of the executives, appearing as if by magic.

"Guy tryin' to bust in on Mr. Blintz," replied the guard.

"You're fired," said the executive to Benny. "Run him out, guard."

No sooner said than done. Benny found himself on his faneeta outside the studio portals, where he had had flung many an honest man, who had ventured to call his soul his own.

"O.K.," said he with a whimper. "I'll fix 'em. I'll just wait here and see Mr. Blintz. He'll talk to me. He won't stand for it. He's a grand guy. I'll just hang on till he comes. That's all."

And that, in fact, was all. He stands there still from morning till evening, when he retires to an ash-can couch, and is pointed out by the barkers on the charabancs. The studio is administered by the executives; the writer has a top-hole contract; the superb blonde has married her Buddy; and Benny stands there still from morning to evening, waiting to speak to himself. Mr. Korda saw him on his last visit to Hollywood, and sucked his cigar.

THE END.



MLLE. JACQUELINE PARAVICINI

The charming younger daughter of H.E. the Swiss Minister and Mme. Paravicini. Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini, who, like all the members of her family, is extremely popular over here, announced her engagement last month to a fellow countryman, M. Eric de Schulthess-Rechberg, eldest son of Colonel and Mme. de Schulthess-Rechberg, of Schloss Au, Lake of Zurich

This England . . .



Ullswater and Glenridding from Place Fell

WHEN in late Tudor days, pewter and silver drinking mugs gave place to glass—Venetian goblets for the wealthy and “rough Surrey glass” for the would-be fashionable—not everyone approved. Andrew Boorde found glasses wasteful, complaining of breakages, “beside that they breed much strife toward such as have the charge of them.” The glasses won; but it should be recorded in fairness to the worthy physician that in 1542 he did speak well of ale as being a wholesome beverage “for an Englysshe man.” For here, indeed, did he speak for the generality of men—even to posterity—if we may judge by the popularity to-day of a brew well thought on in Tudor times . . . your Worthington, noble in tankard or glass.





Dennis Moss

THE ROYAL GLOUCESTERSHIRE HUSSARS IN CAMP AT WINDMILL HILL

This unit, which has been converted into the 21st Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Regiment, has, in common with many other similar branches of the Service, lately been carrying out training on Salisbury Plain

Names in this group are: (l. to r., back row) Lieut. (Q.M.) A. J. Holborow, Lieut. W. W. Hicks-Beach, Lieut. H. R. Rowlands, 2nd Lieut. E. H. Milvain, Lieut. F. R. Perkins, 2nd Lieut. W. E. Barrington-Browne, 2nd Lieut. S. L. Lloyd, Capt. J. St. C. Harvey, 2nd Lieut. J. N. Harper, Lieut. M. H. Taylor, Capt. the Rev. J. R. Lowe (Chaplain), 2nd Lieut. G. C. M. Playne, Lieut. D. J. C. Talbot, 2nd Lieut. J. H. Cripps, 2nd Lieut. A. H. Stanton, 2nd Lieut. J. F. Robinson, 2nd Lieut. P. H. Cookson, 2nd Lieut. J. A. E. Wickes, 2nd Lieut. R. K. Lingard Guthrie, 2nd Lieut. D. E. C. Price, M.F.H.; (middle row, seated, l. to r.) Capt. R. Knight, Lieut. H. J. Mylne, Capt. the Hon. W. R. S. Bathurst, Capt. Lord de Clifford, Capt. M. K. Braybrook, R.A.M.C., T.A., Major W. A. Chester-Master, Lieut-Colonel J. A. T. Miller, O.B.E., Lieut-Colonel E. P. Butler, T.D., Major Lord Apsley, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., M.P., Capt. P. S. Lowsley-Williams, Major J. S. Sinnott, Capt. Lord Leigh, Capt. G. J. York, Major H. F. W. Adams, R.A.M.C., T.A., M.O., Capt. A. T. Smaile (Adjutant), 11th Hussars, P.A.O.; (seated on ground, l. to r.) 2nd Lieut. R. A. E. Adlard, 2nd Lieut. S. A. Pitman, 2nd Lieut. T. Willes, 2nd Lieut. V. H. Tubbs, Lieut. A. Biddulph, 2nd Lieut. F. N. Norbury, Lieut. M. D. Reinhold, Lieut. Lord Ashton of Hyde, M.F.H., 2nd Lieut. A. H. Harford, 2nd Lieut. N. D. Hart

Welcome to Chicago.

SUPERCHARGED with impressions, dizzy with hospitality, and dazed with speed and heat, our Junior Car Club Autocheque party arrived here last night. As at other cities, we were honoured with a police escort, which met us twenty-odd miles out from Chicago, and sired a course for us through an immense press of traffic. Our gay and varied collection of cars, headed by the big Rolls, Bentley, and the much-badged Humber of Commander Ayres, made a brave show. In the rear came secretary Morgan in his Wolseley, shepherding the convoy of S.S., Triumph, Rover, Frazer-Nash, and so on. Ahead rode the motor-cycle police. At traffic lights one would dismount to hold up cross traffic. Meanwhile, the leader would stop traffic at the next signals, while his mate, having done his job, would come roaring past the convoy so as to reach the next signals before it. Several police cars also accompanied us, one labelled "Sheriff."

Our way led through a sort of Hyde Park, where a dense park of traffic gave us precedence. Then an amazing scene unfolded itself in the form of the twenty-five mile drive and beach on the shore of Lake Michigan. The lake is a veritable inland sea over 300 miles long and 100 wide. Its shore, a few hundred yards from the rows of towering skyscrapers forming a lovely study in cubist design, was jammed with sun and water worshippers. Most wore bathing dresses, and many stayed in this informal dress alongside the great one-way boulevard along which scurried thousands of cars. The free and easy attitudes of young couples attracted our attention. Here there was no false modesty or anything objectionable about their embraces. In the burning sun beside those cool waters, unspoilt by a single drop of sewage, this boy and girl courtship seemed quite natural. But when night falls, more formal manners must be resumed, or the police will intervene.

We Entertain the Traffic Cops.

Having checked in at the Blackstone Hotel, Grahame Lyon, our guide and master of equiptage, threw a small party for the traffic cops. They are a fine body of beefy men, armed with revolvers and

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. McMINNIES

a sort of junior life-preserver. Their uniform is smart and practical. Their appearance is trim, with well-cut hair, clear eyes and bronzed, close-shaven cheeks. To us they seemed the antithesis of the loud-tongued, rough and bluff fellows we're accustomed to watch on the films. Yet the tales these stalwarts

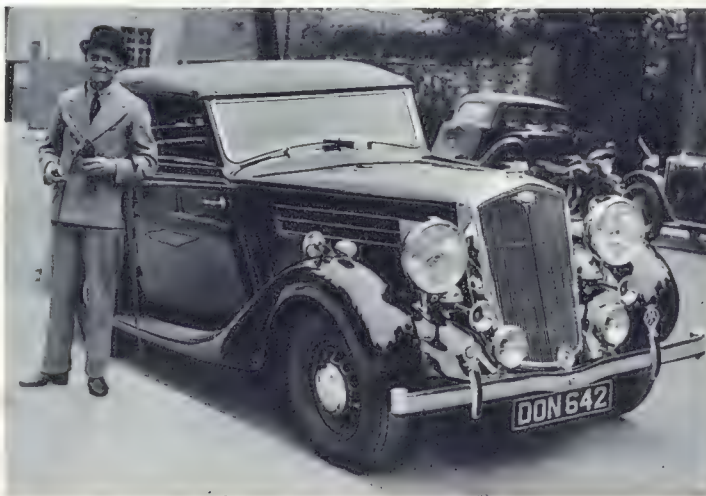
unfolded between sips almost froze us to the bone. One chap had been a pilot during the war, having started life on a milk-round. His job being unavailable when he returned, he was enlisted as a traffic cop. Within a week he found himself slung into the great race riots which went on for weeks, complete with shootings and all the grim accessories. The outdoor motor-cycling life suits these chaps. Regularly they practise sharp-shooting and physical jerks, for their life depends on quickness of touch and accuracy of eye. If they don't get their man, the criminal will almost certainly get them.

G-Men Demonstrate.

Which reminds me that, at Washington, our party paid a visit to the headquarters of the G-Men. There they were shown the finger-print system which could turn out a criminal's prints from ten thousand records. Demonstrations of sharp-shooting with magnesium-flare bullets, to light up criminals in the dark, armour-piercing bullets fired from a new high-powered pistol, and laminated steel waistcoats were items in the programme of crime detection.

Amazing Hospitality, Gay Adventure.

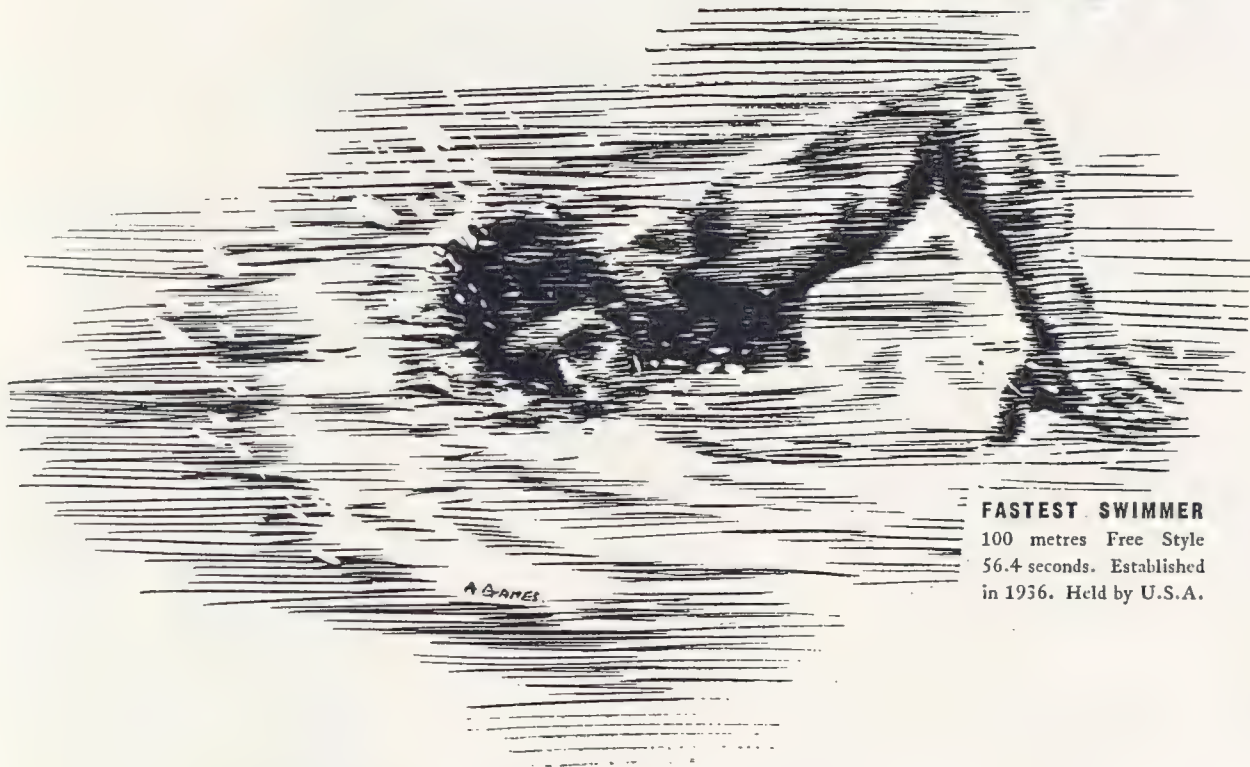
We are overwhelmed with the hospitality we receive. Take Huntingdon, a typical American town, where Colonel Long arranged a cocktail-party, and the jolliest informal dance we've attended for many a year. In a short speech, the gallant Colonel, defending the rights of rival parties, informed us that the object of the dance was to "get acquainted." This seems to be a stock expression. There is no formality and the process takes exactly ten seconds. This is how it works. A man advances upon me with a broad smile. "Smith," says he. "McMinnies," say I. "Glad to have you with us," says he. "Pleased to meet you," I reply. Instantly we become old chums and a cataract of hospitality is let loose.



LORD NUFFIELD AND HIS NEW WOLSELEY "TWENTY-FIVE"

For once we have to report that reversing the usual order, somebody has given Lord Nuffield something. The gift is a 25-h.p. drop-head coupé Wolseley for his own personal use. The donors were the staff of Wolseley Motors

The Sportsman's Ethyl



FASTEST SWIMMER
100 metres Free Style
56.4 seconds. Established
in 1936. Held by U.S.A.



Plus a little something

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART



MISS P. B. BENNETT

One of the youngest members of the Civil Air Guard, and also one of the youngest holders of a "B" licence. Miss Bennett, seen here at Heston, is only nineteen

freedom of the air which commercial aviation, in its politer manner, has sought to achieve without success for so long. In the Anglo-French co-operative training flights in which British and French Service aeroplanes fly over one another's countries, the civil implications are vividly clear. Bomber bows to bomber; the air becomes as free as the open sea. Frontiers stay where they ought to be—on the ground. If civil aeroplanes could only attain to the freedom of movement enjoyed by those bombing machines, commercial aviation would be on the way to becoming a force in Europe. Unfortunately there has been a tendency since 1918 for the nations to try and shut themselves more and more away from their neighbours. The result is that commercial flying never really did the job it is best suited to: that of ensuring rapid international communications. But now emergency has made plain the futility of the air frontiers between England and France.

It may be that these Anglo-French flights by military machines will open the way to equally frequent and equally free flights of civil machines. It would, of course, be a tragedy if France were to become Anglicised as a result of aviation. In those French film actresses who go to Hollywood we see portrayed the havoc wrought by Americanisation—and Anglicisation would be bound to be much worse. But free air traffic, inasmuch as it cannot for a long time become bulk traffic, would be unlikely to lead to a blunting of the interesting edges of nationalism. It would simply enable each country to understand the other a little better.

Metrics.

And this is obviously where I must return to my own favourite subject, the metric system. Anglo-French co-operation in all fields, military and civil, would be aided if this country were to adopt the metric system. In aviation, in particular, it is the system which *must* eventually be taken up because it is the system of science and radio and recent developments generally, and it is the more logical system. It is an indication of the lack of boldness on the part of those who direct aviation policy in this country that it has

Entente Aérienne. **M**ILITARISM, that blind and blundering oaf, has just executed a crashing *volte-face*. Normally, the enemy of free intercourse between the nations, it has suddenly become the advocate and example of it. It has pioneered that international

not yet been adopted. They all know it is better than the English measures, but they have not the courage to order the change. When it is mooted they seem to be appalled by the thought that it would cause disorganisation and other difficulties.

Actually those difficulties are not likely to be great, and in any event the results would repay the facing of difficulties. Some of the more go-ahead British air lines have adopted the metric system, and most of them admit that it would be an improvement. But directly one reaches the Government bodies which might bring about a change throughout aviation, one finds resistance. If it were reasoned resistance it would be admissible; but it is nothing more than resistance to trouble because it is trouble. Drawing-offices in motor-car factories have found that considerable economies are secured when the metric system is adopted in

preference to the English system. The same would be true in aeroplane and aero-engine drawing-offices. Every calculation would be accelerated, from the computing of passenger loads to the measurements of fuel.

New Wings for Old.

The more one hears about it, the more interesting does the recent development of new wing sections seem. Reports about the Consolidated 31 flying-boat raised the matter because this machine is claimed to have an exceptionally high speed for its size and power, and this is attributed to the wing section used. The whole thing is linked up with



Paterson

IN THE HIGHLANDS

Wing-Commander Busk, R.A.F., with his wife (right) and Mrs. Francis W. Walker, of Leys Castle, Inverness, making a tour of inspection of Inverness Aerodrome. Wing Commander Busk is C.O. the R.A.F. Station at Evanton, Ross-shire

what is called control of the boundary layer—the thin layer of air which lies on the surface of the wing. While this remains smooth, lift is good; but when it crinkles and finally causes the air all round it to break up into turbulence, lift is poor. The point about a good wing section is that it should cause the air to go quietly over it and not break up into turbulence. This is exactly what the new sections are said to do.



FLYING TWINS

J. W. and E. J. Holmes, twin brothers, who are members of the Civil Air Guard, belong to the Romford Flying Club, and both got their "A" licence in under ten hours' flying. They had just returned from a "flip" at Chigwell Aerodrome when met by the camera and were obviously feeling on top of the world. This is the neat C.A.G. uniform

MONTE CARLO BEACH

World-famed, world-beloved, Monte Carlo Beach has kept its singular charm unspoiled. There are Hotels romantically perched above the sea, a Swimming Pool with an amusing luncheon restaurant at its very edge, a Summer Sporting Club where dinner, dancing, cabaret and gambling all take place under the stars. Aquatic sports, tennis, golf high up on sunny Mt. Agel and the evershifting panorama of people pleasure-bent, offer endless diversion. For further particulars apply to Messrs. Thos. Cook & Sons, Ltd., or any travel agency.



Drawing by Sir Francis Ross

Miss Can't: 'The change always upsets me at first'



Miss Can: 'Then why don't you take **Eno**—for a change'

Year after year, the Miss Can'ts of this world feel off-colour for the first few days of their holidays. They don't seem to grasp the fact that change of air, habit and diet almost invariably upset the system. For more than seventy years, sensible people like Miss Can have avoided these holiday upsets by taking a morning glass of Eno, before they start for their holidays and while they're away.

Eno is the gentlest and surest of all correctives. It washes away clogging impurities, tones up your liver and makes sure of sparkling holiday health — *from the word go!*

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'

- Eno costs only 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6 at all chemists
- The words 'Eno' and 'Fruit Salt' are registered trademarks

Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 172)

prophet who for once has been proved right, if not acclaimed, in his own country wants to know, like Mr. Walker, whether any great store or other organization could use the services of this young lady from Australia, so that she could practise with the best players in her spare time. Her father tells me with commendable frankness that while he can afford to send his daughter over here again, he cannot support her during a lengthy sojourn. So, if any one who thinks that they can help by giving Miss Wynne a legitimate job, should chance upon this, would they get in touch with me and I will give them the Wynnes' Australian address. What is wanted is another Mr. Simon Marks, who has behaved so generously in the case of Miss Billie Yorke, who has quite settled down now to her daily job behind the counter of a famous Oxford Street store. Mr. Marks is himself no mean exponent of the game, and is indeed so keen to improve his handicap that he keeps one of the Burke Bros. in constant attendance.

En passant, it is rather interesting to note that the year that has seen Kay Stammers advance nearest to her ultimate ambitions has been the year when she surrendered her own post with another Oxford Street store in order to concentrate entirely on her game. It is the old, old story of trying to do two things at once. Incidentally, another reason why Kay's accuracy has improved so remarkably is that she has been following the American plan, first instituted by Mrs. Moody of making men play her a single. I commend it to Miss Wynne, while she is waiting and praying. The other afternoon when I was enjoying a light-hearted mixed with Mrs. Shepherd-Barron, who is still a very fine player, and on the other side of the net, Dickie Ritchie, who is playing for my team against the Harvard and Yale boys, and Miss "Greville," who plays remarkably well for a girl who is self-taught, and has little opportunity in her own world of enjoying anything but house-party tennis . . . the other afternoon, on a nearby court at Queen's, Mrs. Fabyan was playing a single against her compatriot, Mr. Cooke . . . and I thought how it was one more example of the female dominance over the male that is so much *de vigueur* that it is taken for granted in the States. In this country, which one of our lady stars, despite their divine belief in their own importance, would dare to have asked Bunny Austin, two days after he had reached the final at Wimbledon, to play them a practice single? Yet that is the shortest route to improvement. And that is the route that Alice Marble employed throughout the Wimbledon fortnight. Her sparring partner on this occasion was George Godsell, who before her every match, was carried off behind the yew hedges, and for half an hour invited to feed her forehand. Which he did with his own remarkable weapon that resembles closely a woman's forehand drive, but hit, of course, with far greater pace and relentlessness. Many players have underrated him in the past. They do so no longer, and he richly deserved to be chosen to play against Belgium, and then on to Hamburg, as a member of the British team in the German Championships. And Alice will be grateful to him all her life. After she had pulverized that cross-court runner, Sperling, allowing her only fifteen points in two sets, she came gaily into the competitors' stand, and cried out to George: "You won that for me." That was generous to say the least of it, but that she really believed it is proved by what had happened the day before. At the bottom of the steps that lead to the competitors' tea-room, Madame Sperling pounced upon George Godsell, and was just about to lead him up the garden path herself to practise her forehand, when Alice, like Juliet spying the situation from the balcony, signalled wildly to Teacher (alias Miss Tennant) to break up the party before it became dangerous. You belong to me, she cried, like the female of the species has been doing since the world began. But it is seldom that the results of such a mating are so visible and so altogether satisfactory as they were in Miss Marble's performance in the final of the championships.

Lastly, but by no means least in my own affections, comes news this week from the far-off Pacific, where the player, who in her prime would have given Miss Marble many rude shocks as a doubles opponent is now coaching the lotus-eaters of Honolulu or is it Hawaii? I am always so vague about geography, but I am not so vague when it comes to apportioning tennis honours, and I swear I was not alone at Wimbledon this year in wishing that the good old days were back, when Elizabeth Ryan doubled, I mean, dominated the centre court, and usually brought off a double where the doubles were concerned. Whether Alice Marble would have defeated Lenglen at her height is a matter of speculation, but there is absolutely no doubt that Bunny Ryan was the greatest woman doubles player the world will ever know. A few months ago she was in England, and I was saying to her how much I envied her the lovely climate of her new destination (I see that she stopped *en route* to take in Shirley Temple and perhaps give her a little instruction with her bat and ball), and I shall never forget her reply. She turned to me suddenly and exclaimed: "What is the good of a perfect climate if you are thousands of miles away from your friends?"

There is no answer to that, except to tell her how much we, who remember, missed her this year at Wimbledon, and to reassure her that she is one of those very rare people who make friends wherever they go.

“It is good news to learn that increasing numbers of British Motor Manufacturers are recommending the use of Ethyl petrol in their Instruction Books.”

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL



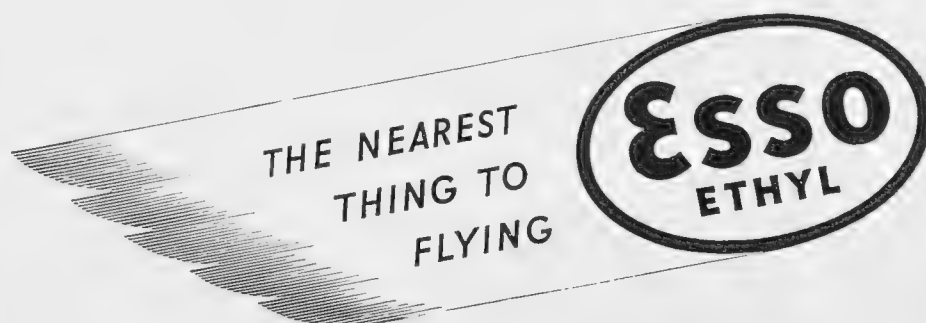
*“I agree they run better on
Esso Ethyl”* said the Chauffeur-mechanic

Experience counts! Twenty millions of the world's motorists do not run their cars on Ethyl petrol without good reason. Modern high-compression motors need high-compression Esso Ethyl petrol if they are to give the acceleration, speed, and power the manufacturer built into them.

**ESSO ETHYL—
THE PETROL
THAT STOPS
MUFFLED
PINKING**



**LOOK FOR THE OVAL GLOBE
YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY**





Hay Wrightson

MISS PATRICIA CADOGAN

The eldest daughter of the Hon. Sir Alexander Cadogan and Lady Cadogan, who is engaged to Mr. Gerald Coke, only son of Major the Hon. John Coke and the late Hon. Mrs. Coke

younger son of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. G. C. M. Sorel Cameron, of Gorthleck House, Inverness, and Jane, elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. Radford-Norcop, of Brand Hall, Market Drayton, Shropshire; Mr. J. Buckman, son of the late Mr. I. Buckman, and Mrs. I. Buckman, of 21a Parkholme Road, E.8, and Griselda Rosalind, daughter of Lord and Lady Henley, of Watford Court, Rugby; Dr. G. K. McGowan, younger son of J. S. McGowan, M.D., of King Street, Oldham, and Rosalind Storey, youngest daughter of Sir Noton and Lady Barclay, of Mobberley Hall, Cheshire; Paymaster-Lieutenant J. A. Angus, R.N., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Angus, of Chiltern Crescent, Reading, and Wilma Constance Peyton, daughter of the late Sydney R. Baly and Mrs. H. Russell Crane, of Sydney, New South Wales; Mr. R. Millais, eldest son of Sir Geoffroy Millais, Bt.,

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

Marrying this Week.

On July 27, the marriage will take place in Montreal between Captain D. H. Walker, the Black Watch, and Miss Willa Magee, and on the 29th is the wedding of Mr. G. D. Gwynne Perkins and Miss Puy-Jones. The ceremony is at St. Peter's, Hampstead.

Recent Engagements.

Major Llewelyn Wansbrough-Jones, Royal Engineers, son of Mr. and

Mrs. A. Wansbrough-Jones, of Long Stratton, Norfolk, and Laura Skelton, daughter of the late Mr. J. J. Prest, of Hardwick Hall, Castle Eden, Co. Durham, and of Mrs. Prest, of Grey Court, Harrogate; Squadron-Leader R. S. Cameron,



Hay Wrightson

LADY ANNE WALPOLE

The daughter of the late Earl of Orford and the Countess of Orford, of Torrington, Devon, who is engaged to Mr. J. E. Palmer, second son of the late Joseph Palmer and of Mrs. Palmer of Lymm, Cheshire

and Lady Millais, of Frensham, Surrey, and Felicity, daughter of Brigadier-General W. W. Warner and the Hon. Mrs. Warner, of Hans Place, S.W.1.; Mr. H. A. S. Davies, only son of the late W. H. Davies, of Glantivy, Cardigan, and of Mrs. W. H. Davies, of Colebrooke Close, West Hill, S.W.15, and Sarita, daughter of the late Colonel Sir Berry Cusack-Smith, Bt., K.C.M.G., D.L., and of the Dowager Lady Cusack-Smith, of Basil Mansions, S.W.3; Mr.

H. P. M. Lewis, Milford Hall, Newtown, Montgomery, son of the late Mr. Hugh Lewis and of Mrs. Lewis, and Barbara Margaret, second daughter of Major W. M. Dugdale, D.S.O., and Mrs. Dugdale, Llwyn, Llanfyllin, Montgomeryshire; Captain C. Packe, the Royal Fusiliers, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel E. C. Packe, D.S.O., of Great Glen Hall, Leicester, and the Hon. Margaret Lane Fox, youngest daughter of Lord and Lady Bingley, of Bramham Park, Boston Spa, Yorkshire; Mr. J. P. Koppel, only son of the late Mr. Percy Alexander Koppel, C.M.G., C.B.E., of H.M. Diplomatic Service, and of Mrs. Koppel, Sumner Place, S.W., and Jessica Gwendolen, elder daughter of Mr. F. C. and the Hon. Mrs. St. Aubyn, Onslow Gardens, S.W.; Alexander, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Birrell, of Buxton, and Ellen Margaret (Peggie), youngest daughter of the late Mr. B. H. Bowen, of Corbar Hall, and Mrs. Bowen, of Gifford Lodge, Buxton; Alan Edward Griffiths, of Barry, Glam., and Angela Helena Lett, of Argentina.



Lenore

MISS LESLEY H. TURNER

Who is engaged to Mr. P. E. Murray Willis, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Murray Willis, of Grafton Manor, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire. Miss Turner is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Turner, of Sydney, Australia, and 60 Park Lane, W.1

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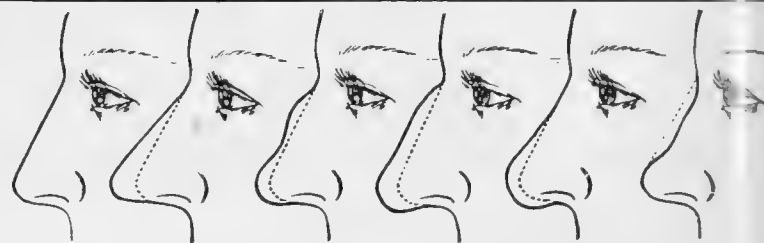
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THERE'S A WEALTH OF ENTERTAINMENT IN "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE"

A large number of the informative diagrammatic drawings, chiefly by that well-known artist Mr. G. H. Davis, which have been published from time to time in THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS are now available in collected form in a special 32-page publication entitled "INSIDE KNOWLEDGE." This will appeal to all who want to know the inner workings of things which the majority of us see only from the outside. Many of these interesting sectional drawings are reproduced as panoramas, each measuring over three feet wide. They show British warship types and there is a centre-piece showing the R.M.S. "Queen Mary."

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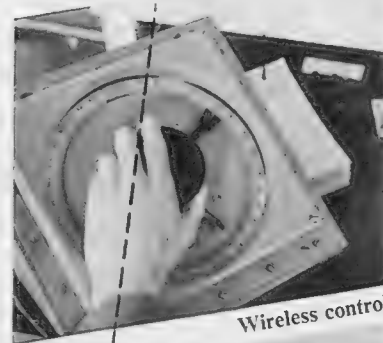
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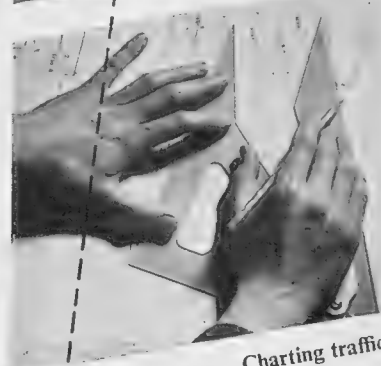
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The Highway of Fashion

by

M. C. Brooke

NOW that the sales are over Jay's, Regent Street, are showing the advance guard of their autumn models. There is a subtle difference in them from those of last season, which will make a direct appeal to women who have a reputation to maintain for being well dressed. It is in the ready-to-wear department on the second floor that the ensemble (of which two views are given) may be seen. Velvet-velour of a lovely shade of burgundy has been used for its fashioning. The monotony of the dress is broken by raised motifs of rouleaux tucks and a neat black belt. The skirt is box-pleated in front. The handsome coat to match the dress has a modified swing back which falls in graceful lines. A touch of luxury is imparted by the trimming of platina dyed white fox. Then it will come as a pleasant surprise that the ensemble complete costs twenty-two guineas. In striking contrast to this are the simple suits with check coats and plain skirts for 98s. 6d., while those of angora of a black tulip shade cost nine guineas



Picture by Blake

Perfume by Yardley

THE TATLER, JULY 26, 1935

LAVENDER OF COURSE—

For summer playtime she chooses beach clothes by Simpson, Piccadilly. A fantastically flowered swim suit, a Mexican straw hat with gaily coloured pompoms—and, of course, the "Lovable Fragrance" of Yardley Lavender. There's nothing so cool and refreshing as this delightful perfume. Indispensable for lighthearted days and informal evenings too—and fashion's newest note is not more fashionable



Lavender Perfume at prices between 2/6 and 2 guineas, and the same Lovable Fragrance in a variety of toilet luxuries: Soap (box of three tablets) 2/6. Face Powder 2/-. Lavendomeal 3/- to 9/6. Talc 2/6.

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Heritage of COLOUR

IT is quality tweeds, which hold the echoes of Scotland's pageantry in their soft beauty, which are used by John Burnett & Co., 24 Princes Street, Hanover Square. This firm is wholesale, but they would send the name and address of their nearest agent, together with the autumn brochure in colour. Moreover, the tweeds are individualistic, as no two craftsmen produce exactly the same result even when using the same raw material. Now, regarding the colours: the rich subtle tones of the Old Masters are on this firm's palette for the autumn. There are Raeburn reds, Allan Ramsay pinks and Siddon blues. In some the chromatic splendour of the peacock plumage shimmers—golden bronze and green blues. The three-piece on the right is a study in a glorious sapphire shade, with which subdued purple tints are subtly blended. The coat and skirt are plain, while the top-coat is checked. Red, green and black are cleverly blended in the model on the left; the skirt is so cleverly cut that while it never hampers the movement of the wearer it still has a slimming effect. The cape is reinforced with a waistcoat, and is one of those affairs that will appeal to women all the world over, especially those who delight in life in the great outdoors



Picture by Blake



I O you know, Charles, I feel top of the worldish!
 You look it. Got yourself a new diet, new doctor or a new hat? It's always one of those things with you women.

No, not any of them, as it happens, though I've gotten myself—as our American friends would say—the fourth thing that you shouldn't have omitted as the greatest source of feminine happiness.

What's that?

The perfect beauty specialist.

Oh, you women. Why can't you leave your faces alone? What I like is nature.

But, my dear Charles, the treatment I follow is nature's own way of combating worry and hurry and all the unnatural things that would otherwise ruin our looks.

All right. Don't let's quarrel about it. Silly to quarrel

with a beautiful woman. Sheer waste of time. Now tell me, where do you want to go to-night? To a show and . . .

Their voices trail off as they stroll away but she is chuckling quietly to herself. If she hadn't found the source of restored looks she could never have retained his admiration, as she does today. She has Josephine Kell to thank for her happiness. Madame Kell herself will explain to you her treatment in detail any time you care to make an appointment. Her telephone number is Regent 2320. Her address:

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THE ART OF ELEGANCE, AND OTHER FEMININITIES

For the Trousseau.

MANY are the things that are needed for the trousseau of the modern bride, and it must be confessed that she likes the loveliest of things imaginable, which she knows she will be able to see at Givan's Irish Linen Stores, 112 New Bond Street. There are hand-made lace dresses suitable for garden party and other social functions in India and elsewhere. They are very beautiful but nevertheless will remain undated. The lace dress portrayed is simple and is suitable for an informal dinner or theatre party. The wing sleeves are flattering. By the way, it is lined with crêpe de Chine, while roses and carnations are introduced in the design. A feature is likewise made of blouses. Some are of fine linen (endowed with an almost tailored aspect), some of organdie, silk and satin. No one must leave these salons until she has seen the lingerie. It is made of fine lawn—reminiscent of a handkerchief—enriched with hand-made lace.

Individual Corsetry.

COMPARATIVELY few women realize that health is the only foundation of beauty, and that health can only be achieved by correct posture. Now Marian Jacks' (24 Old Bond Street) aim has been to encourage freedom of movement and give correct support where it is most needed. Youth needs great consideration. The figure must not be allowed to do what it likes; it must be controlled gently, not forcibly. Then in after years the silhouette will be one of which any one may be proud. Those living far from London will like to know that a postal service for maternity belts has been arranged. On application a measurement form will be sent. It is quite a simple matter to fill it in. Patterns of the material will be included. By the way, the cost of the same is from two and a half guineas. In this connexion it must be mentioned that corsets of light-weight fabrics for the tropics are well represented. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that each individual should in the first instance be fitted, and that this firm's expert fitters will be in attendance during August and September. An interesting brochure entitled "Individual Corsetry" will be sent on application; it should be studied with the greatest care.

Skin Texture.

MANY of the little temporary irritating blemishes to which even the most-cared-for skin can become heir are due to a condition of excess acidity. In this category come such spoilers of self-confidence as enlarged pores, oily shine, blackheads and roughness. These external acid accumulations of the skin can be counteracted by the use of Phillips' Magnesia Texture Cream. This cream

is smooth and greaseless, and makes an ideal powder foundation. The price is 1s. 6d. and 3s. a jar, and there is also a sixpenny trial size. Companion to the Texture Cream is Cleansing Cream, which liquefies on the skin. It loosens and absorbs dirt and make-up and penetrates the pores to neutralize any acid secretions. It is available from all good chemists at the same prices as the Texture Cream.

Shades of Summer.

"WHAT a lovely tan!" Every one likes to hear this back-from-the-holidays greeting, and a little forethought will make it a certainty. Before you go out into the sunshine, apply a thin film of Skol Sun-Lotion over your face and neck, then over your arms and legs as well. This preparation, which is now produced from a new formula even better than before, filters out the burning rays of the sun and induces a deep, long-lasting tan. It is completely stainless, non-oily and non-greasy, so there will be no smears on your playsuit. There is no "frying" action, either, for

the lotion sinks right into the skin. Skol can be bought practically everywhere and slips easily into the corner of a suitcase.

Nursery Budgets.

CAREFUL planning will solve most equipment problems, and it is certainly the only thing to bring order into the chaos of details confronting every young mother. So the Treasure Cot, 103 Oxford Street, have produced a new and very helpful booklet, which will be sent in a plain envelope on application. It includes well-thought-out budgets for the baby, from the minimum necessities to more luxurious outfits and also for the mother herself. Prices are given in the catalogue, so the various lists can be estimated exactly. At least two specially designed maternity frocks should be included, and preferably more. Perhaps the right supporting garment is the most important item of all, for it can make all the difference to your health and figure. This should be fitted by an expert, and here there are many different designs adapted for each individual case.

Pleasant Dreams.

EVEN an uncertain sailor can weather an Atlantic crossing when he has a really comfortable berth. On the new "Mauretania," the whole of the passenger accommodation on the port side is equipped with Vi-Spring Mattresses. In the cabin class they are provided with Vitoflex Mattress supports, while the whole of the tourist-class berths are furnished with "Vi-Springs." They have, however, one disadvantage, on this ship and on many others where they are installed; their luxurious comfort makes it very difficult to get up in the mornings and do the daily dozen round the deck.





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(Miss Grant-Ives)

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The Pyrenean Mountain Dog is a very old breed and for centuries has watched over the farms and flocks in the Pyrenees, so he makes a splendid guard and companion, though he is not quarrelsome or a fighter. Mme Trois Fontaines did a good work in re-introducing him into this country, where his splendid appearance and delightful character are rapidly bringing him to the front. Mme Trois Fontaines is sending a beautiful bitch to America and two dogs to Australia. The bitch she sent to Belgium is now champion of France, Belgium and Holland, at less than eighteen months old. A dog has also gone to the Maharaja of Jind, where he is a great success. There are some puppies for sale now at moderate prices to make room. Mme Trois Fontaines also has a kennel of King Charles's, Old Style, and has done well with them on the bench.

The Cavalier King Charles Spaniel has many adherents, he is a game, active little dog, very hardy and makes an excellent companion. He is slightly larger than the ordinary King Charles and rather longer in the face. Miss Grant-Ives has a kennel of these,

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

The I. G. L. Pointer and Setter Trials take place on August 7, 8 and 9, on the Douglas Moors, Lanarkshire. The championship is run on the third day, August 9. Any one interested in the work of Pointers and Setters should attend these trials.

A member wishes to give two Irish

also of Dalmatians, and has done well with them. There are usually puppies of both breeds for sale, at very moderate prices. Miss Grant-Ives also has a stud of ponies, varying in size from Shetlands of ten hands and under to ponies of fifteen hands. There are at present some young ponies and foals for



JAPANESE SPANIELS
Property of Mrs. Craufurd



PYRENEAN MOUNTAIN DOG
Property of Mme Trois Fontaines

sale. The photograph is of a Shetland mother and her tiny foal, sixteen inches high, these are for sale. These very small ponies make excellent pets for children, the foal being about the height of an Airedale Terrier. Miss Grant-Ives would gladly show both dogs and ponies to visitors at her home in Warwickshire by appointment.

I have an interesting letter from Mrs. Craufurd enclosing a photograph of some of her Japs. She says, "I have a lot of really attractive pups, four months old for sale. All my Japs are renowned for their strong constitutions, several of them are great hunters, they are very sociable little dogs but keep the other breeds in their places." Two of them did extremely well at Richmond. There are also some Dandies for sale. Mrs. Craufurd has gone in for goats, and has a small herd of British Alpines, there are also chickens, so students training can at the same time learn a certain amount of farm work, should their services ever be required, but the "land work" is entirely optional. Mrs. Craufurd says, "Our boarding season is on and we are busy. Being in the centre of Scotland they come from all sides, some for a day or so, some for long sojourns." Mrs. Craufurd is delighted to show visitors over at any time. The address is Rumbling Bridge, not far from Gleneagles, and within easy reach of Perth.

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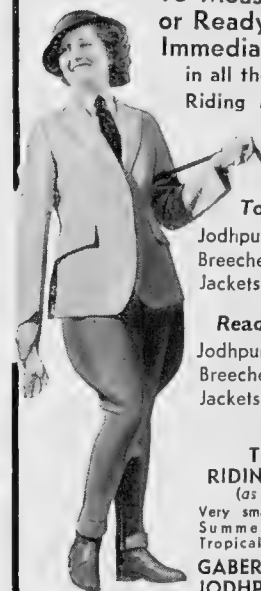
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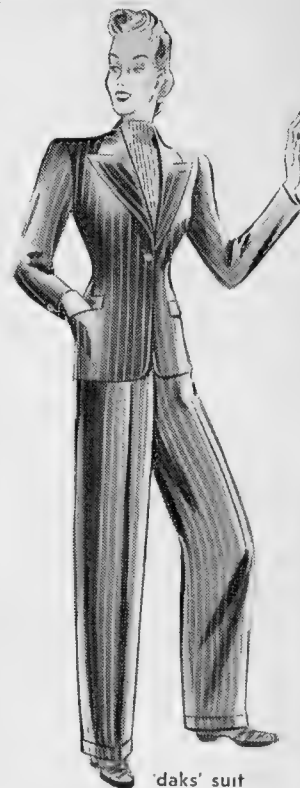
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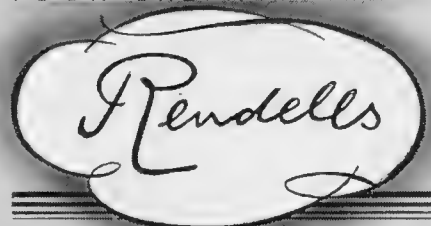
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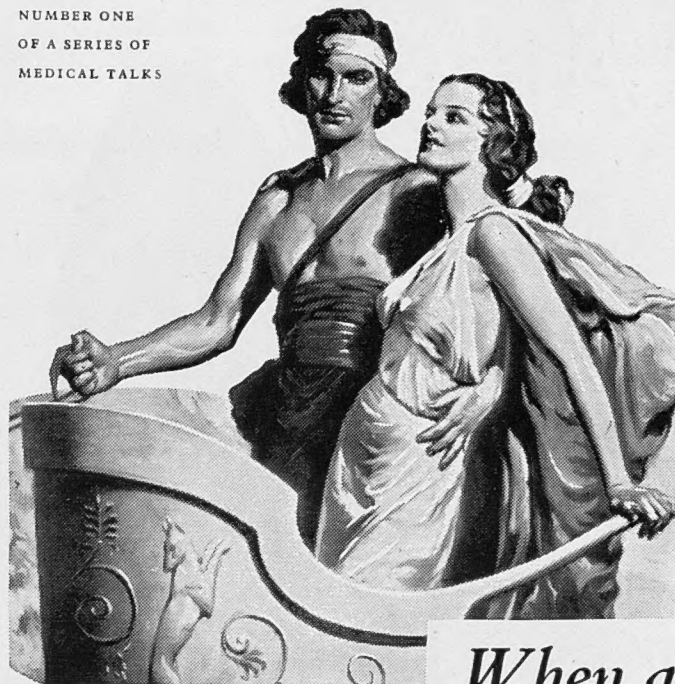
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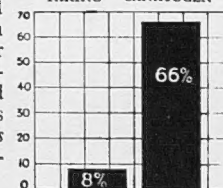
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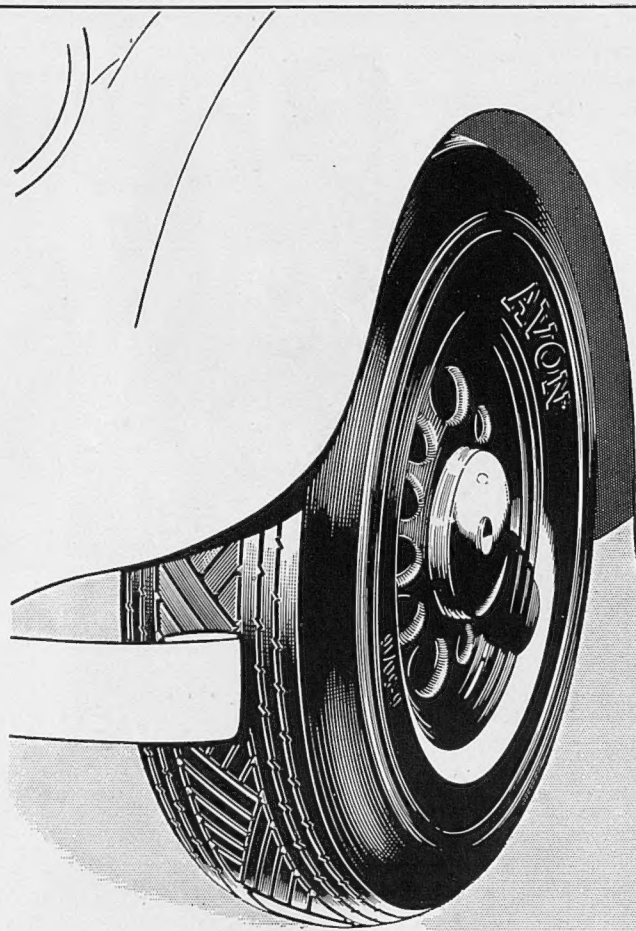
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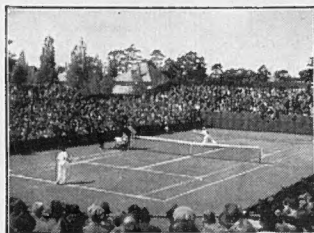
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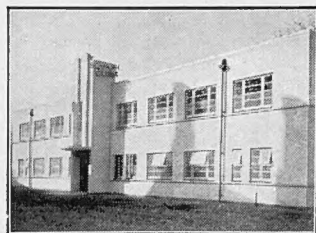
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